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THE BELGIAN ELECTIONS.

A GREAT political fight has just been fought in Belgium, and the victory has fallen to the right side. In the most purely Catholic country in Europe, and among a population more Romish than Rome itself, a desperate struggle has taken place between the opposing forces of Liberalism and Ultramontanism. For years the Clerical party has aimed at having the country entirely in its power. It was the principal agent in making the Revolution to which Belgium owes its existence, and it has persistently tried to reap all the fruits of the Revolution which it set on foot. It has elements of strength in Belgium which it has nowhere else. For, while it is the protector of the Revolution, it also conciliates the support of the old feudal families. It is backed up by an ever-increasing army of persons devoted to the religious life in some of those innumerable retreats of piety which form so marked a feature in all Belgian towns. It has no heretics to thwart or rival it. Not more than one Belgian in fifty ventures to deny that he is theoretically an ardent Catholic. The rural population has been drilled for centuries into obedience to the priests, who are the only superiors it reverences; and even NAPOLEON was made uneasy by the power which the priests possessed over the provinces he had stolen on the left bank of the lower Rhine. The Catholic party has also thrown itself with eagerness into the cause of those who are full of the local rights and privileges of the nation. It takes the side of all who fancy that modern progress is going to hurt them. It is a kind friend to the Protectionists, and finds in abundance what pass for arguments to show that it is wicked, and monstrous, and un-Christian, and pecuniarily a mistake to expose honest Belgians to competition. It is also great in its efforts for the preservation and glorification of the Flemish language. It steps forward as the bold champion of an oppressed *patois*. It advocates decentralization, and wants the districts where it is supreme to be entirely freed from all interference of the Government. It is so strong in its traditions and alliances that it is a wonder there should be any Liberals at all. And yet the Liberals have now been in office for seven years, and when, a few months ago, the Liberals were defeated, the Catholics owned themselves unable to form a Ministry. They knew that they could not carry the great towns, and they feared that, if they attempted to govern in spite of the great towns, there would be constant humiliation in store for them. It was chiefly because Antwerp had sided with them against the Ministry that they had been able to show so bold a front to their adversaries. Antwerp was angry with the Ministers because they had chosen to fortify Antwerp; and the citizens, with a prudence of which the Belgian Lion ought to be ashamed, feared that if they were strongly defended they might be strongly attacked, and deprecated fortifications which would close to them the safe and easy course of yielding at once to the overpowering force of an enemy. But although Antwerp, indignant at being thus made a possible battle-field, vented its pique by voting against the Ministry, it was very unlikely that it would continue to support the Clerical party when it came to propose officially such measures as might find favour with the Ultramontanists. The Catholics wished, therefore, to have a weak Liberal Ministry which would be content to govern at their dictation. To this the Liberals would not agree, and so the Chamber was dissolved. The question was fairly put to the country whether it would be governed by the priests or not, and nothing in the recent history of Europe is more satisfactory than the distinctness and resolution with which it has answered that it will be governed, not by priests, but by liberal laymen.

The Belgian Chamber consists of one hundred and sixteen members, and in the last Parliament parties had become so evenly balanced that each side was said to be able to count on fifty-eight supporters. In order that any measure should be

carried, it was necessary, according to an absurd pedantic rule of the Belgian Constitution, that one-half of the Chamber should vote. All the Catholics habitually stayed away, and thus, if ever any one Liberal was ill or unavoidably absent, no effectual vote could be given. This was the state of things which the dissolution was to terminate, and although neither side hoped for a large majority, each expressed an expectation, or at least a strong desire, that the result would give it that slender numerical superiority which in Belgium is called a working majority. How small was the area of real combat may be guessed from the fact that every one is surprised, not that the Liberals should have won—for that was always thought just possible—but that they should have won so handsomely. They have a majority of twelve, and this is thought crushing in Belgium. So very many constituencies were certain to go as they always had gone that the real contest was only fought in a very limited circle. In fact, it was agreed that almost everything would depend on Ghent and Bruges. As it turns out, Ghent and Bruges have gone decidedly for the Liberals; and if Belgians are astonished at this, Englishmen may be permitted to be astonished too. To casual visitors, these towns appear swarming with monks and nuns and priests, and Protection rides rampant in many of their journals. At Ghent, too, the country districts around the town vote for the town representatives, and the priests command the voters of these country districts as absolutely as the Tory landlords of Devonshire command the tradesmen of Exeter; and yet, in spite of everything, Ghent has returned Liberals, and nothing but Liberals, and society must have been deeply excited and aroused when such a result could have happened in such a place. In ordinary times a multitude of influences are certain to prevent such unanimity. Waverers are sure to be led by their wives, and their wives are sure to be led by the priests. There is always a certain proportion (and a very respectable section it is) of the population, which can easily be persuaded that something is in danger—the Church, or the leather trade, or the Flemish language, or something else in which they take a natural or artificial interest. But now it seems to have been borne home to the Belgians of these large towns that they were called on to decide, not who should form a constitutional Ministry, but whether there should be any constitutional Ministry at all.

M. DE MONTALEMBERT is said to have taken the keenest interest in this election, and to have been sincerely anxious that the Clerical party should win. It is only consistent in him to wish this if he still believes that there is such a thing as a Catholicism at once triumphant and liberal. In Belgium they do not seem to think this possible; and, although there is absolutely no experience to guide us—for triumphant Catholicism has never yet been liberal—there appears to be good reason why the Belgian Liberals should disbelieve in the transformation of their rivals. Catholicism becomes every year more and more Ultramontane—that is, more compact, systematic, rigid, and aggressive. It has a definite creed and a distinct way of living which it wishes to force on the world. It wants, for example, to get the whole of the higher as well as the lower education of the country into its hands. This has given rise to a great battle both in Belgium and in France, and in both countries the Catholics have had great successes. It is useless to conceal from ourselves that Ultramontanism answers to a want which is largely felt in many European nations. It gives a sense of solid security among the nebulous masses of philosophy. It confines men in a coop, but then it keeps them out of ditches. And as both the indolence of ignorance and the indolence of good taste are on the side of religion, Ultramontanism flourishes, and enlists in its support, not only hack journalists, but Academicians like M. DE MONTALEMBERT. But the curious thing is, that although Ultramontanism shows itself to have

great strength, and obliges its enemies to reckon with it and respect its power, it never quite succeeds. In Spain alone is there no opposition to it, but wherever there is a fair fight Liberalism shows much greater strength than is expected. The Emperor of the FRENCH, on the whole, tries to be on good terms with the priests; but when, not long ago, there was a set made against the Government candidates in some of the departments, because the line taken by the Government with regard to the temporal power was not altogether satisfactory, the electors showed that they thought the Prefect was near and the Pope was far off. And so in Belgium, although the Clerical party had won single seats one after another, and had thus increased their strength until they had attained an equality in the last Chamber, and although they had drilled and organized their forces to the utmost, yet when the decisive moment came, and the country was appealed to, they were beaten. We can only hope that the Belgian Liberals will not throw away the opportunity they have secured, and that they may use wisely and temperately the power on which probably they may now count for some time. It ought to be the effort of every wise man, in every country of Europe, to make a widely spread religious reaction unwelcome, and therefore impossible.

CAPTAIN SEMMES AND THE DEERHOUND.

SOME American papers lately recorded the real or supposed decision of a Commission of naval officers, that Captain SEMMES and his crew were legally prisoners of war. The amazing statement that the Government of Washington was about to demand their surrender has provoked a just and severe comment from the *New York Times*, which, notwithstanding its animosity to England, is one of the most respectable journals of New York. There is not the smallest pretext for attributing to Mr. SEWARD the impropriety and imprudence of an utterly absurd demand. Diplomacy, even as it is practised in the United States, performs the function of a sieve or strainer in refusing to transmit the grosser crudities of popular passion. Even when it is necessary to manufacture an offensive despatch for the satisfaction of Congress or of the Republican party, the American Minister in London is allowed to exercise a wise discretion in suppressing the communication before it is delivered. If a court of naval officers has really given judgment in the case of the *Alabama*, its sentence can only be intended to deter a formidable opponent from returning to active service, by threatening him, in case of capture, with a refusal of the immunities which belong to ordinary prisoners of war. The result seems scarcely equivalent to the effort, and it is not improbable that the whole story may be fictitious. A prospective and hypothetical condemnation of an officer in the enemy's service would be an idle demonstration. A demand for extradition, addressed to an independent Power, would be a more unaccountable blunder; and, even if the Federal Government had desired to find an excuse for a quarrel with England, there would have been extraordinary awkwardness in the selection of a grievance which would equally apply to France. The Cherbourg fishing boats which rescued a portion of the crew were in precisely the same position as the *Deerhound*; and although Captain WINSLOW appealed to the Confederate agent, he never affected to suppose that the French authorities would refuse hospitality to the fugitives. Mr. SEWARD and his colleagues must be acquitted of the misconduct of which they are accused by their countrymen and admirers. It is, however, unfortunately true that Federalist fanatics on both sides of the water have found, in the case of the *Deerhound*, a fresh occasion for venting their philanthropic malignity.

Of all claims against England, the most untenable would be the demand for the surrender as prisoners of war of Captain SEMMES and a portion of his crew. When the *Alabama* was sunk by the *Kearsarge*, the owner of an English yacht picked up several officers and men, including the Confederate commander. It seems uncertain whether he acted by the request of Captain WINSLOW, and the doubt is immaterial, as it has not been alleged that the *Deerhound* interfered with the operations of the *Kearsarge* or of her boats. After rescuing fifty or sixty men, Mr. LANCASTER made the best of his way to an English port, where he landed his passengers in safety. Captain WINSLOW made no attempt, by signal guns or otherwise, to detain the *Deerhound*. He would probably have been justified in preventing the escape of the crew, but he can scarcely have supposed that a private English yacht was voluntarily acting as his tender, and providing a temporary place of detention for his prisoners until he was at leisure to

reclaim them. It is urged by American writers and by their exaggerated echoes in England that, after striking his flag, Captain SEMMES was precluded by the rules of war from profiting by the opportunity of escape; but the question of military honour in no way concerns the English Government. If Captain SEMMES and his officers are convinced by the arguments of the Federal press, they are perfectly at liberty to take the next packet to New York, and to surrender themselves as prisoners of war. At present, they appear disposed to follow the example of General FRANKLIN, who, having been lately taken prisoner in Maryland, judiciously bribed or deceived the sentries in charge, and effected his escape. Even if the act of lowering the flag amounted to a constructive parole, it is not the duty of a foreign Government to enforce the obligation. Mr. MEAGHER, who is a Brigadier-General in the volunteer army of the United States, has never been reclaimed since, with other chivalrous patriots of his stamp, he broke his parole in Australia. A debt of honour, whether it is payable by money or in person, is necessarily outside the law. If Lord RUSSELL had been willing to comply with the imaginary demand of the American Government, there is no process known to the English law by which he could have effected his supposed purpose. The Extradition Act makes no provision for the surrender of prisoners of war, nor are Secretaries of State in the habit of kidnapping foreign residents for objects of diplomatic convenience. It would be as easy for the English Government, according to the just remark of the *New York Times*, to hand over Mr. SPENCE or Mr. LINDSAY to Federal custody as to surrender Captain SEMMES.

It would be scarcely less absurd to require satisfaction for the acts of Mr. LANCASTER. It is a sufficient moral apology for his conduct that any man of honour in the same circumstances would have done precisely the same; but if his rescue of the crew of the *Alabama* had been in the highest degree criminal, the conduct of an English subject beyond the limits of English jurisdiction involves the Government in no responsibility. The passengers in the *Deerhound* could not have been refused admittance into port at Southampton, nor was it necessary to inquire into any alleged irregularity which purported to be committed on the high seas, in the neighbourhood of the French coast. If the *Deerhound* had belonged to the Royal navy, there might probably have been legitimate ground for demanding satisfaction. A controversy which has not given rise to international litigation would not deserve to be discussed, if the numerous enemies of England in the Northern States were less eager to accumulate pretexts for a future quarrel. It is always difficult to convince angry disputants that, in many cases, legal duty is the true measure of moral obligation. Theological zealots, after exhausting their ingenuity in devising tests and subscriptions, constantly insist on the iniquity of their destined victims when they contrive to pass unharmed through the meshes which were intended to stop their passage. In the same manner, vehement Federalists complain of the wicked impartiality which declines to assist one belligerent at the expense of the other. A neutral Power has no right to strain the law in favour of one of the combatants, because an irregular concession is necessarily an injustice to the other party. It may be added, that the Government has no right to interfere with the sympathies or with the commercial enterprises of its own subjects. The rights of belligerents against neutrals ought to be strictly construed, and it must be presumed that all friendly intercourse with both sides is legitimate and commendable, although it may in certain cases be exposed to interruption.

The late prosecution of the former owners of the Confederate vessel *Georgia* ought to convince reasonable Americans of the good faith of the English Government. As the vessel was armed within French jurisdiction, it may be doubted whether the verdict can be sustained, unless there is sufficient evidence of the enlistment of a portion of the crew in the Mersey; but American susceptibility ought to be satisfied with this proof that violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act will be punished if it can be proved. The recruiting agents in Ireland have been more fortunate or more skilful than their Confederate rivals at Liverpool. According to the latest accounts, however, the flow of emigrants has been suddenly checked, and if both belligerents are forced to dispense with the aid of recruits from the United Kingdom, the Federal States will be the chief sufferers by the cessation of the supply. On the whole, it may be hoped that the chances of hostile collision are diminished by the gradual exhaustion of different classes of grievances. Mr. SEWARD has for more than a year discontinued his periodical assurances that the war was about

to terminate in thirty or sixty days, and that neutral Powers ought in consequence to withdraw their recognition of the belligerent rights of the South. In the matter of equipping vessels of war, the just remonstrances of the United States have satisfied the English Government and nation of the impropriety of the practice. Adventurous traders have ceased to dispute the legal validity of the blockade, finding it more convenient and profitable to evade it in practice. The rescue of the officers and men of the *Alabama* would perhaps have caused an angry correspondence if it had occurred in an earlier period of the war, when Federal claims were still unrestrained by experience or study. At present, the proceedings of the *Deerhound* only furnish excuse for popular vituperation of England, instead of becoming the subject of diplomatic communication. The Americans have already learned the unpalatable and surprising lesson that the laws of nature extend to the Western hemisphere. They are, at the same time, gradually learning to acquiesce in the law of nations.

THE BELFAST RIOTS.

THE Belfast factions have just been celebrating their annual Saturnalia on an unusually extensive scale, and, unhappily, with unusually disastrous results. Of course the readers of Irish news always look out for something unpleasant at this season. The Twelfth of August, sacred on our side of the Channel to grouse-shooting, is consecrated in the North of Ireland to the revival of the sectarian and political feuds of the century before last; and compilers of almanacs might set down, opposite to the second week of this month, "About this period riots may be expected in Ulster," with a prophetic confidence which can never attach to the cautious and hesitating meteorological predictions of "FRANCIS MOORE, "Physician." Ingenious theorists have sometimes fancied that it is a pity we cannot have a new Calendar for the special use of the sister island. If one could only manage, by some new-fangled device on the famous French revolutionary pattern, to confound Irish notions of chronology, and lead Belfast and Derry gently past certain fatal days without their knowing it, it is thought that perhaps they might unlearn their dreadful religion of social hatred and faction fights. It would give the popular mind some little trouble to identify the anniversaries of the Boyne, Derry, and the rest, with the right dates in Thermidor or Fructidor; and possibly—so it is imagined—if the old associations were once broken, it might be practicable for brethren to dwell together in unity. The notion is not without plausibility, and one would like to see the expedient tried; yet recent experience is not favourable to an unlimited faith in its efficacy. This year, at any rate, Ulster has not waited for the almanac. The annual feast of unreason, intolerance, and lawlessness began nearly a week before it properly fell due, and has been prolonged far beyond the time permitted or prescribed by usage. Day after day the streets of thriving, prosperous, and educated Belfast (the "Irish Athens" we believe it calls itself) have been in the occupation of ferocious mobs, who unfortunately seem to have directed their fury, at least in the first instance, not so much against each other as against the persons and property of unoffending and defenceless citizens. Disturbances which began with senseless and offensive party demonstrations of the accredited type have been suffered to go on till the place presents much the appearance of a sacked city. Entire lines of street have had their windows smashed by wholesale, hundreds of houses have been wrecked, and some half-dozen places of worship have been similarly treated. Vast numbers of persons have been brutally assaulted, with or without the provocation that they belonged to the wrong Church or the wrong party; some have already died of their wounds, and many others have received injuries from which they are not expected to recover. Fire-arms have been used freely on both sides, and the hospitals are full of the wounded and dying. Neither age nor sex has been spared by the merciless frenzy of party hate. The Roman Catholic mob waylaid and maltreated Protestant factory girls on their way to their daily work, and the Protestant mob assailed in like manner Roman Catholic factory girls. One party of miscreants attacked even the National Schools, at a time when more than a thousand children were there—a demonstration, we suppose, against mixed education—and cruelly injured many helpless little victims. For a whole week together these murderous orgies of religious and political faction were celebrated with little or no hindrance from the authorities, whose conduct calls, to say the least, for very serious and searching inquiry. It was not until the eighth day, when riot was assuming the proportions of something like civil

war, that the responsible guardians of the public peace appear to have been roused from their slumbers; and even then, though it was necessary to send for troops and fill the town with military—horse, foot, and artillery—they refused, with characteristic imbecility, to authorize the use of ball-cartridge. If we are permitted to hope that the worst is at length over, it would seem that small thanks are due to the Belfast magistracy.

Between two hordes of lawless savages, each of them, it is said, consisting exclusively of the dregs of the populace, it would be absurd to measure over-nicely the relative degrees of criminality, and there is no difficulty in speaking with impartial disgust of both. Yet it may not be amiss to remember that the first provocation, such as it was, came from the Roman Catholic side. It was the ostentatiously Ultramontane and semi-seditious O'CONNELL demonstration of Monday week that appears to have given the signal to the Belfast rioters. The Dublin procession, we are told, was regarded by the Orangemen as an insulting and menacing parade of the physical strength of the Romanist party, which required to be met by a counter-demonstration elsewhere. In a word, Ultramontanism trailed its coat, and Orangeism trod on it. Because Popish Dublin turned out to worship the great author of legal and constitutional sedition, the "Sandy-row" faction of Belfast must needs burn the Liberator in effigy. Of course one thing led to another. The Sandy-row party having burned O'CONNELL, the "Pound" party followed suit and burned King WILLIAM. After that, nothing remained to be done on either side but to throw stones and brickbats, and break windows and heads, and go on from one piece of savagery to another and a worse. So it is, in morals as in physics, that action and reaction are ever equal and contrary. It is quite unnecessary to say that it can be no excuse for the Protestant ruffians who mobbed and stoned quiet people at Belfast that the Roman Catholic priesthood had made an offensive display of religious emblems and "moral force" at Dublin in honour of a deceased Popish agitator. But such, it seems, is Irish human nature; and a special responsibility for proceedings unspeakably disgraceful to both the factions by which Ireland is distracted must undoubtedly rest with those who were the first to apply irritants to the passions of an excitable populace.

We are repeatedly told, in the accounts of these Belfast riots, that "no respectable person," either Protestant or Roman Catholic, had any share in the disturbances. We should hope not, though it seems strange that it should be thought necessary to assure the world so very positively of the fact. It would be more satisfactory, however, to learn that respectable persons on either side had been conspicuous for their endeavours to prevent or repress the brutal violence of their partisans. It is not easy to believe that respectable persons could not have done something in this way if they had been so minded. The poorer classes of Roman Catholics are commonly supposed to be very amenable to priestly influence whenever the priests think proper to use their influence; and Orangemen have (or used to have) responsible leaders and a definite party organization. It is difficult to resist the suspicion that a good many respectable persons on both sides must have secretly enjoyed, at the outset, the spectacle of insults and outrages directed against their party opponents. If we are mistaken—if, from the very first, the respectable people of Belfast regarded with genuine abhorrence and disgust the outrages of the Pound and Sandy-row factions alike—there is nothing to be said but that the Ireland of to-day is suffering the penalty of the inhuman feuds and rancours which respectable people undoubtedly fostered and stimulated down to a very recent period indeed. These Orange and Popish mobs are simply acting up to the lessons which they have heretofore received from the lips of those to whom they looked as their natural leaders. They merely follow the evil precepts and worse example of their spiritual and political guides. Roman Catholic priests and agitators, and Orange divines and Grand-masters, have carefully indoctrinated them in the theory and practice of religious hatred; and they too faithfully carry out the principles in which they have been schooled. It is quite credible that all respectable Irishmen now-a-days may be honestly shocked by the periodical revival of the darkest memories of a sanguinary and miserable past; but they must not wonder if the unrespectable section of the community is slow to take in new ideas, and clings fondly to teachings which are but too congenial to the worst parts of average human nature. It is only a case of sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind. When respectable people have been setting the example of playing with fire, it is not

surprising that incendiarism should become a favourite popular pastime. Belfast riots are simply the natural product of generations of social discord and religious intolerance, sedulously fomented and kept alive by the ecclesiastical and political leaders of opinion. If Ireland is ever to shake herself free of the dismal traditions of her own unhappy annals, if she is not to be eternally raking up the ashes of past feuds to find materials for present strife, if she is ever to leave off fighting the battle of the Boyne, and defending Derry against imaginary foes, the respectable classes must do something more than stand passively aloof while gangs of barbarous fanatics are celebrating, after their fashion, the annual rites of the religion of brotherly hatred.

One further reflection, which may just now be considered not wholly unseasonable, is forcibly suggested by the occurrences of the past few days. What sort of a country would Ireland be to live in if she were left wholly to her own devices, without the restraining and controlling influences of English law, English authority, and English opinion? A country rent with civil and ecclesiastical discords which apparently defy all the healing virtues of time, and experience, and even of education, is the very last country in the world to sustain the perilous responsibilities of separate political existence. O'CONNELL demonstrations and Belfast riots will be accepted by every sane Irishman as a warning that severance from England would be only another name for an internecine war of creeds and races. It is only as citizens of the British Empire and subjects of the British Crown, that Celt and Saxon, Papist and Protestant, have a chance of learning to dwell peaceably together in the same land. Notwithstanding the attempts of a little knot of agitators to recall a defunct sedition from the land of shadows, there is happily no reason to doubt that the most obvious of political facts is more or less willingly recognised by all Irishmen to whom any appreciable section of their countrymen look for counsel and guidance.

JUGGERNAUT.

IT is a good thing that a long and lively description of the festival of JUGGERNAUT should have been lately given to the English people. It is as well to be reminded what the Hindoos are really like, what they care for, and what it entertains or contents them to do. Undoubtedly, all about JUGGERNAUT may be read in books, and is probably read at proper intervals by those admirable people who turn to books of reference for useful information. But the mass of English readers only pick up the useful information that is thrust in their way, and it is more interesting to know what actually happened at the last JUGGERNAUT festival two months ago than to look up JUGGERNAUT generally in an Encyclopædia. Like many other famous and solemn things, a JUGGERNAUT festival is partly foolish and partly disgusting. There is nothing wonderful about it, except that such vast crowds think it worth while to attend. It is more stupid and unmeaning, and is attended by more dense and babyish multitudes, than anything in Christendom, even in the Christendom of the Republics of Southern America. The only redeeming feature about it is that there is no disguise. Everything is fair and above board. There is nothing like the Heavenly Post-Office of Chili. It appears that JUGGERNAUT is simply a big block of wood, with the face of a man roughly daubed on it. Out of this block protrudes a brass arm and hand, and into the hand the obedient multitude puts its offerings of money. When the hand gets full, the priests empty the hand, and the devotees fill it again. The Correspondent of the *Times* relates that he inquired of a native what became of the money, and that the native in reply asked him for a cheroot. The native possibly did not understand a word of his questioner's Bengalee, but if he did, then this indirect response may have been meant as a quiet rebuke of the subtlety that strove to see a mystery where there was no mystery. The priests took the money, and that was all. The first day, this money-taking block was bathed with water from the Ganges, and on the second day he had his ride in his car. It appears to be the primitive custom of these idolaters to let the car stay quietly, during the year that intervenes before the day of the ceremony returns, exactly in the same spot where it has ceased to be drawn. Accordingly, it makes a deep hole for itself, and it was very hard work for the devotees to get it out of this hole. At last they succeeded, and then some poor fanatics availed themselves of the opportunity, and threw themselves under the wheels. The narrator himself saw three wretches taken up fearfully mangled. But the great excitement consisted in pulling the car. To be one of the thousands

that succeeded in handling the sacred ropes, and in setting in motion the principal block, and his two hundred priests and attendants, and the minor blocks and idols, all of whom were on the car, was the great object of ambition. And, if idolatry is to go on, some sort of ceremony of the kind must be expected to go on too. People who believe in a block may be pardoned a wish to move it about, and to move it about in the heaviest and least effective way possible. There is even a rude sense in having a very heavy car for the block and putting it in a hole. For if the god likes his block being moved, which is the theory of the thing—just as it is the theory that it gives satisfaction when the VIRGIN is decked over with tinsel and candle-ends and artificial flowers—the more people that can participate in pulling the block, the better. A lighter car, or one on springs, would make thousands of pious souls not unreasonably unhappy. Idolatry is a very sad and a very bad thing, but, as idolatries go, the practice of dragging a heavy car out of a hole does not seem especially contemptible.

It may be doubted whether the self-destruction of the devotees who throw themselves under the car has anything to do with the ceremony. No one appears to take much notice whether these wretches commit suicide or not. It is, according to the Hindoo notion, entirely their own affair. For those who are tired of life, and who view life with Oriental indifference, this is an excellent opportunity of getting rid of it; but they may use the opportunity or not, exactly as they please. In all probability, the notion exists that a worshipper who is actually killed by the car containing his god is more under the protection of that god, and is likely to be more favoured by him, than if he died a natural death. The excitement of the crowd also works upon all its members, and one very common form of religious excitement is the longing to inflict self-torture of some sort. The bystanders allow the process to go on, for it only concerns those who throw themselves under the car whether it is wise for them to do so or not, and of course it adds to the interest of a busy scene if the car rolls over bleeding and mangled bodies. But there is nothing like the notion of human sacrifice, strictly speaking, if the most recent account is a full and correct one. Those who die are not victims devoted on behalf of the community; they are persons who, like GOLDSMITH's dog, go mad to gain their private ends. They wish to end a life that is a weariness to them, and to end it in a pious way. The Mahomedan soldiers of the early days of Islamism used to rush into the battlefield in much the same spirit, and without the slightest conception that they were human sacrifices. We may, therefore, hope that this part of the festival of JUGGERNAUT may be forcibly prevented by the police without the natives taking any offence. To the crowd, the whole thing is a matter of indifference. To the sufferers, the opportunity is one of personal gain. To the English Government, it is as much of an object and as much of a duty to prevent this kind of suicide as to prevent any other. The Indian Penal Code makes the abetment of suicide a crime, and this implies that all self-murder shall be prevented if possible. The natives make no difficulty about this, and if they do not quite understand why we should interfere to keep a man alive who wishes to die, and is convinced that death is a gain to him, they leave it to our superior wisdom and knowledge to find out the reason. On this very occasion the police did interfere—too late, of course, for policemen are policemen all the world over; but they interfered so far that they had the car backed to get out the dead bodies. They might easily have interfered, so far as native feeling went, to stop the suicide altogether. But a practical difficulty was in their way, and the crowd was so dense that the self-immolators were under the car before they could be hindered. It would probably cost some trouble to devise effective precautions, but if the police liked to take the trouble, they would be perfectly welcome. Suttee has been put down with perfect success, for the Hindoos enter sufficiently into our notions of law as the preservative of order to see that no violent death in public ought to be permitted; and as, theoretically, the only consequence of the burning being avoided is the future spiritual punishment of the widows, their neighbours bear this consequence with perfect equanimity.

We only wish it was as easy to do away with other difficulties in the way of a better religion for the Hindoos as with this of suicide under the car of JUGGERNAUT. There are English boys now alive who will possibly live to see the day when not only suicide under the car will have become unknown, but when the block itself will have been split up or burnt. Even if the change does not come as quickly as

this, it is sure to come sooner or later. The English mind will become far too dominant in India, and will penetrate too deeply the Indian ways of thinking, to make the continuance of idolatry possible. It will be found, we may venture to conjecture, that the aggressive force of English civilization—the leading thoughts, that is, of English planters and soldiers and lawyers and missionaries—will tell with increasing rapidity on the Hindoo population. Even in so short a time as the last twenty years, great strides have been made towards breaking down the power of the semi-barbarian beliefs and thoughts of the Hindoos. The English tongue will penetrate into the bosom of Hindoo families, and English literature will be known, more or less, to all those who have anything like a position and an influence among the natives. Year by year this process will go on, until at last the coarser forms of Hindoo superstition will have passed away. This is not prophesying much. It is not like claiming the certainty of making India more religious and Christian than England herself is. No one can say as yet what the ultimate effect on the Eastern mind of contact with the West will be. We know that we shall produce a change, but we cannot say how far this change will be superficial. It is tolerably safe to predict that the Hindoos will lose that excessive childishness of mind which prompts them to delight in dragging a block in a car, and to seek for a happy release by courting death beneath the wheels; but whether the Hindoos will ever rise to the height of a reasonable religion is known only to Him who created them such as they are.

SPAIN AND PERU.

AS the Spanish Admiral who lately seized the Chincha Islands has not interfered with the loading of the guano vessels, the feelings of Englishmen have not been deeply stirred by a remote encroachment or quarrel. The publication of the correspondence on the subject partially explains the conduct of the Spanish Government, and the present state of the dispute; and it is satisfactory to find that, for once, Lord RUSSELL has confined himself to a single sentence of comment, in which he expresses the unobjectionable hope that, by the exercise of moderation on both sides, good relations may soon be restored between Spain and Peru. He might have despised the criticisms of Mr. DISRAELI and Mr. HORSMAN if he had always spoken with equal brevity and reserve. The Spaniards have no English menaces to plead in excuse for their possible appropriation of the isles of manure, nor can the Peruvians affect to have been disappointed by the withdrawal of anticipated protection. The opportunity, however, of uttering sonorous defiance has not been neglected by the South American Republics. The qualified civilization which they have inherited from their ancestors or former rulers includes a praiseworthy aptitude for the imitation of Castilian grandiloquence. The people of Chili, of Columbia, and of the Argentine Republic offer their sympathies to Peru, and Spain is informed that "America, her former slave, has raised herself to the rank of sovereign; has cultivated relations with really civilized nations; has drawn morality from sources purer than those known to CORTÉZ and PIZARRO, to PINZON and to MAZZAREDO; has shaken off the absurd fanaticism of PHILIP II. and TORQUEMADA; has acquired a true notion of political and social economy; has broken the chains of the slave; and, finally, has learnt to exist without her former master, whose obstinate and proud moroseness has been a constant matter of amazement for her better instructed descendants." Such is the South American version of vituperations which are sufficiently familiar to English students of the political literature of the United States. There is some ingratitude in the implied repudiation of PIZARRO, but Peru and the neighbouring States had really ground for alarm and irritation. The French conquest of Mexico, and the Spanish re-annexation of St. Domingo, excited a natural jealousy of European encroachment. When a Spanish Admiral seized the Chincha Islands as the reclaimed property of his own Government, the independence of all the South American Republics seemed to be called in question. The title to the sovereignty of islands on the Pacific Coast has sometimes been disputed; and when an American adventurer some years ago hoisted the flag of the United States on a group called *Los Lobos*, Mr. WEBSTER audaciously asserted that, notwithstanding the Spanish name, the newcomer was the original discoverer of the islands. The Chincha Islands are less obscure, as an important part of the Peruvian revenue arises from the deposits of sea-fowl on those fortunate rocks.

The Spanish Government has disavowed, in a diplomatic circular, the pretensions of its subordinate agents. No declaration can be clearer than the formal announcement that

Spain "has never hesitated to recognise Peru as a free and independent people, and has never considered that it presided any right either over the whole of that State, or over the parts of which it is constituted." "The revindication of a part of the Peruvian territory has never entered into the ideas of HER MAJESTY'S Government. Such a word, spoken by its diplomatic or military representatives, is decidedly disapproved by the Government." The islands are, accordingly, only held in pledge until Peru affords satisfaction for certain alleged grievances of a shadowy nature. The occupation is irregular, and apparently unjust; but it involves no claim which foreign nations are concerned to dispute. The Spanish Government virtually admits that the original seizure was an outrage, by the awkward justification which it deduces from a subsequent and unintelligible transaction. It seems that a Peruvian, named SALCEDO, had induced some Basque colonists to settle at a place called Talambo, and that he afterwards expelled them from their residence with fraudulent violence. As the injured persons had actually or virtually abandoned their allegiance to Spain, the grievance chiefly concerned the Government of Peru, which is probably not accustomed to a rigorous enforcement of law. The morality of South America still savours of the errors of PIZARRO, as PHILIP II. himself might have approved the recent conflagration in the Cathedral of Santiago. The Spanish Government, admitting that the responsibility of Peru for the events of Talambo was ambiguous, directed Don EUSEBIO DE SALAZAR Y MAZZAREDO, the Queen's Ambassador in Bolivia, to proceed to Lima to investigate the matter, with the title of Extraordinary and Special Commissioner. No diplomatic relations exist between Spain and Peru, and the Republic was left in doubt whether its independence had ever been fully acknowledged. The title of Commissioner was not incompatible with a claim of sovereignty, and the Peruvian Government, reasonably urging that the designation was unknown to diplomacy, refused to treat with Senor SALAZAR except as a confidential agent. On this frivolous pretext the Spanish emissary withdrew on board the squadron, and, in concert with Admiral PINZON, proceeded to seize the Chincha Islands as the property of his Government. The act was in itself unjustifiable, and the later adventures of the Spanish agent furnish but an inadequate excuse for the retention of the captured territory.

If the Spanish Government possesses any sense of humour, the oddity of Senor SALAZAR's narrative will render it difficult to insist on the further prosecution of the quarrel. The story resembles the experiences of the timid attorney who, soon after the murder of Mr. BRIGGS, published an account of his miraculous escape from a suspicious fellow-passenger on a suburban railway, who was perhaps frightened like himself. Senor SALAZAR's fright was more serious, as it lasted all the way from Callao to Panama, and to the other side of the Isthmus. An anonymous merchant attempted to poison his tea and his beer, and a ferocious tailor pursued him, and all but knocked down an amiable bull-fighter who interposed in his defence. "As Mr. MCLELLAN, the station-master, told me afterwards on the steamer, the tailor raised his hands to heaven when he understood that I must be already on board the *Solent*." Even Spanish gravity will perhaps break down in requiring satisfaction from the Government of Peru for the misconduct of a tailor who held up his guilty hands not in Peru, but in the distant Republic of New Grenada. M. R., the poisoner, after failing in his designs on the tea and the beer, induced some negroes on the Isthmus, in company with several children, to frighten the Spanish envoy by cries of "Death to Spain, to the QUEEN, to France, to the EMPEROR, to Admiral PINZON, and to me." It is pleasant to find that a virtuous English steward, named FRANK, refused to put white powder in Senor SALAZAR's tea; but it is painful to be informed that a French assistant waiter had his ears boxed by the terrible tailor, because he felt similar scruples with respect to a bottle of beer. One of JEAN PAUL RICHTER's most amusing tales is founded on the perils of a hero, who precisely resembles Senor SALAZAR, in his journey to the neighbouring town. The Spanish MINISTER for FOREIGN AFFAIRS, while he affects an official belief in his subordinate's story, prudently abstains from dwelling on the white powder and on the designs of the ogre from the shopboard.

In the port of Callao Senor SALAZAR may perhaps have incurred some little risk, as the English Commodore on the station advised him to pass from his own ship to the packet without landing, at the same time informing the native authorities that, if any outrage was perpetrated, he would take the Peruvian navy into his own custody. Captain HARVEY also offered the

unfortunate traveller an escort of ten marines to Panama, and it is probable that the tailor himself would have been awed by so considerable a force, if the accommodation had been accepted. The proud Spaniard, however, declined the offer, and consequently thought it prudent to barricade his cabin with his trunks during the greater part of his anxious voyage. A compassionate Spanish actress going to Havana warned him that an officer and a peasant who came on board at Paita were about to shoot him with a revolver. The officer said to the peasant, "If we get rid of MAZZAREDO, they will give you a great deal of money, and promote me to be captain of a ship." A Pacific coasting voyage is probably dull, and a passenger of Senor SALAZAR's temperament offers a strong provocative to idlers who indulge in practical jokes. Diplomats who see white powders in every teapot, and bloodthirsty conspirators in tailors, have no business to go about conquering guano islands. As there is neither water nor food to be had in the Chinchas, but only fertilizing deposits, Admiral PINZON will probably soon find it expedient to sail away as he came. The Peruvian Government may then end the war by repudiating the white powder and disavowing the mysterious tailor, especially as Spain has relinquished all claim to the islands, although she retains them on a pretext which is only a ludicrous after-thought.

PENSIONS TO EX-GOVERNORS OF COLONIES.

OF all political battles the most difficult and the most thankless is that which is fought for an object implying increased public expenditure. To advocate any cause which involves the outlay of public money is a labour at once invidious and unsupported. The most popular course that any Minister can take is to diminish the burdens of taxation. Therefore the opposite course is in an equal degree unpopular and suspected. It is to the unanimity of opinion on this subject that we must attribute the persistent continuance of a sensible injustice. The last Session of Parliament witnessed two discussions of a question which it would be difficult to make interesting, and more difficult to make popular. This question is the justice of giving pensions to the ex-Governors of English Colonies who have been superannuated, or superseded, after a long and meritorious career in the public service. That the interest which the subject created in both Houses of Parliament will extend to the public out-of-doors is not very likely, but that it will bear some legislative fruits at no distant time may fairly be inferred from the tone of members of almost all parties who spoke on the subject.

The conditions of a Colonial Governor's life are peculiar. In some few cases he is a military man, of a rank not lower than that of field officer. More frequently, indeed generally, he is a civilian who has either commenced his official career as a Governor, or who has previously been employed in a colony in a position next in rank and importance to that of Governor. It is of the civilian Governor that we are now speaking, for it is only since the appointment of civilian Governors that the grievance to which we refer has arisen. He is appointed for a prescriptive term of six years. He has to purchase a considerable outfit, which costs him never less than 1,000*l.*, and may cost 4,000*l.* Of this sum he receives from the Treasury an ironical fraction rarely exceeding 400*l.* But, as if smitten with remorse at its own liberality, the Treasury immediately withdraws with one hand the greater part of that which it has lavished with the other. About 200*l.* of this 400*l.* are exacted for the payment of fees. With the remaining 200*l.* the Governor is expected to buy plate, crockery, china, hardware, furniture of different kinds, wine, tea, coffee, to say nothing of uniforms, carriage, and harness. It is needless to observe that no thrift or management can ever satisfy this expectation. If the Governor is a very poor man, he must borrow money, and the interest payable for the loan will constitute a formidable deduction from his salary. If he has a competence, he is obliged to sink, with but faint hopes of return, a considerable fraction of a small fortune. It is as useless to speculate upon the case of an opulent man who is appointed to a government as to discuss the physical conditions of the phoenix or the unicorn. As a fact, an opulent Governor is rarer than a black swan. After he has expended a sum which may vary from 1,000*l.* to 4,000*l.* on the antecedent expenses of his remote vice-royalty, he proceeds to live after the approved fashion of his predecessors. He probably has a salary of from 3,000*l.* to 4,000*l.* a year. He is expected to give dinners, balls, prizes for the colonial races, and subscriptions to colonial charities, during his six years' term of government. His wine—at any rate, his champagne—must

be good. His rooms must be well lighted. If his temporary subjects are themselves hospitable and liberal, they compare his liberality and hospitality with their own. If they are penurious and inhospitable, they are not the less severe critics of his penuriousness. It requires, then, a very dogged spirit of economy on the part of a Governor to shut his doors against his people, or to stint his hospitalities, or to keep his purse-strings close. Accordingly, he finds it a difficult matter to save from his current outgoings margin sufficient to reimburse him, during the continuance of his administration, for the outlay which he incurred at its commencement. This he finds if he remains through the usual term of office. But he may not remain. He is liable to be recalled for blunders, or to resign for ill-health, or to die in debt. But, taking the best aspect of his case, he is lucky if, after six years' administration of a distant settlement, he returns home free from debt, and unimpaired in his fortunes. Should he then have merit or interest enough to be transferred to another government, he has to repeat the same process, incur the same outlay, with the same ulterior results. But it must be remembered that he has no absolute title to such promotion. He cannot claim it as a right; and he may find himself shelved in the prime of life, without occupation, and without compensation for private means virtually expended on public objects. This is hard. It is hard upon the man who, after administering one government, finds himself in mid-life with stunted means, no office, and no profession. But it is far harder on the man who has for many years suffered a kind of sublime exile, who has maintained for successive years the highest position in several colonies, who has during that time fostered important public interests, and, after all, returns home to obscurity, neglect, and comparative poverty.

There are, of course, reasons plentiful as blackberries for this state of things. Governors of colonies are not recognised members of the ordinary Civil Service. They do not contribute to the Superannuation Fund. They do not rise by any law of prescriptive gradation from one government to another. They are anomalies, and understand themselves that they are anomalies, in the general system of the public service. They take their governments, knowing that these do not confer any right or title to pension, and they have no good cause for grumbling at the exact fulfilment of a notorious condition. Now, plausible as these reasons are, they are open to the twofold objection that they are neither wholly true nor in any degree just. The fact is, the case of Civil Governors is a *casus omnisus* in the adjudication of pensions, simply because the general employment of Civil Governors is of comparatively recent date. For thirty years after the conclusion of the great French war, it was usual to confer the administration of colonial governments almost exclusively on WELLINGTON's lieutenants and sub-lieutenants, or on the commanders and post-captains who had served under COLLINGWOOD and EXMOUTH. More frequently they were conferred on military than on naval officers. Generals of division took the great, brigadiers and colonels took the inferior, governments. These men drew a certain portion of their military pay along with their civil salaries. When their civil salaries ceased to be drawn, they fell back upon a larger amount of military pay or half-pay. Generally speaking, they fell back upon their pay as colonels of regiments. In their case, the absence of a pension for civil services was neither a hardship nor an injustice. They were military men, who had taken civil office as a species of extraneous and temporary reward for military service. Their civil life was a parenthesis in their professional career. It was not a career of itself. But now all this is changed. Experience has shown the inexpediency of conferring governments as a mere reward of military service, or a mere appanage of military distinction. The office of Colonial Governor has grown into a profession, demanding professional skill, industry, and preparation. Men are selected to discharge its functions not only from the ranks of civil life, but from its trained, educated, and laborious ranks. The men who go to the Bar, to the Public Departments, or the Church are, for the most part, of the same school and type as the men who become Colonial Governors. They have no other profession, primary or subsidiary, to recline on when their administration terminates. They can obtain neither regiments nor frigates. If they formerly belonged to any profession—the Bar, for instance—it is impossible that they should return to it after eight or ten years' gubernatorial life in the Eastern or Western colonies of the Crown. Their life—or such fragment of life as remains to them after a service of ten or twelve years—is a blank. It is *otium sine dignitate*, and *otium sine emolumento*.

It is forced leisure, without the rewards of past service or the option of future employment. Of course we are speaking generally. Here and there cases occur of ex-Governors who receive advancement in the home service of the Crown. But the general rule is that, as a class, they receive nothing—neither pension nor promotion at home.

But, it is said, the position is one of dignity, and its present dignity ought to be a sufficient attraction to men of means, without the supplementary prospect of a pension. Unfortunately, it is not found in practice so easy to induce men of means to accept this office. Men who hunt and shoot will not readily give up Melton or the Highlands for the pleasure of being badgered by a Legislature of colonial storekeepers, or settling the quarrels of colonial officials. No man who enjoys London society can, without a feeling of self-sacrifice, exchange it for the constraint of Colonial exile. What is there to compensate a man for the loss of his club, of the old familiar faces, of the conversation of distinguished men and clever women? What is there in the richest or most beautiful of colonies to compensate him for being removed from the centre of the highest social and political interests? What is there in the society of the richest and most advanced colony to compensate him for the loss of that social tone which no colony ever inherits, and which the more advanced society of our oldest colonies, the present United States, has never fully attained? The whole world, perhaps, has nothing of greater material promise to offer than the dawning wealth of the Australian colonies; nothing, certainly, of sublimer beauty than the mountain scenery of Jamaica or Ceylon. But—putting aside those to whom change of climate is a sanitary necessity—how many men are there who, having ample means to live in England, would estimate the contemplation of Australian prosperity or of tropical scenery as an equivalent for the forsaken pleasures of English life? There is no use disputing about it. It is an obvious fact, that men whom wealth will not prevent from working, and working hard too, in England, will not be tempted by the glare of official grandeur to go and work as hard in an English colony. They feel it to be exile, and exile embittered by the loss of all which constitutes the highest charms of civilization. Rich men, then, will not go out. The selection is therefore narrowed to men who are less conspicuous for their pecuniary means than for their education, knowledge, industry, and probity.

The plea that men take these offices knowing the conditions which attach to them is true, but not just. The Government has no right to obtain the services of any class of men on terms essentially mean and niggardly. So long as the colonies are worth retaining, so long should the men to whose care they are confided be placed on a pecuniary footing commensurate with the duties of representation and with the fortunes of those whom they govern. It is cruel to place a man in a situation where he is expected to be liberal, without placing the means of liberality at his disposal. It is cruel and unjust to leave him without compensation for the devotion of time, labour, and fortune to the interests of the Empire.

AMERICA.

THE unparalleled heroism of the Confederates seems likely to be crowned with perfect success, if SHERMAN fails to take Atlanta. If the report of the destruction of General STONEMAN's column is confirmed, it will be found impossible to isolate or invest the town. Although the mounted Federal troops are useless as cavalry in the field of battle, they have frequently inflicted serious damage on the enemy by destroying property and breaking up the railroads. Their progress has often been unopposed, as all the military force of the South was engaged in the front, while the invaders moved rapidly through the interior of the hostile country. More than a year ago, one of the cavalry leaders made the premature announcement that the Confederacy was a mere shell, with all its solidity and power of resistance on the outside; but it has lately been found that the excursions of the Federal cavalry are not unattended with danger to themselves. At the beginning of the Virginian campaign, General KILPATRICK, after a feeble demonstration against Richmond, took refuge in General BUTLER's camp instead of attempting to rejoin the main army on the Rapidan. After GRANT's passage of the James River, General WILSON succeeded in destroying a part of the Danville railway; but he turned back on the first show of opposition, and finally escaped with the loss of his baggage, his artillery, and the greater part of his force. It is now said that General STONEMAN has been captured, and that his

column has been dispersed; and if the story is true, the Confederate communications with the South and the East will be secure from further molestation. It is still uncertain whether General HOOD will, after the great losses which he has sustained, be able to hold his position. If he can check SHERMAN's progress for a month or six weeks, the advantage will fully justify the course pursued by the Confederate Government. General JOHNSTON thought the safety of his army more important than the retention of Atlanta; but he may probably have overrated the danger to Richmond and Petersburg, and doubted the possibility that reinforcements would be available for Georgia. After the disasters which have befallen GRANT, there can be no doubt that General LEE can spare a portion of his army, if aid is required at Atlanta. The invasion of Pennsylvania, though it effects a useful diversion, and replenishes the Confederate magazines, is not an indispensable operation. Unless General EARLY's renewed advance is merely a feint to distract the attention of the enemy, it must be assumed that the Government of Richmond regards SHERMAN's movements without serious apprehension. It is not impossible that HOOD may receive reinforcements from Louisiana and Mississippi, and one or two considerable bodies of Confederate troops have for some time been threatening SHERMAN's line of retreat. No other Federal General has displayed equal boldness in advancing into the heart of the enemy's country; yet it would seem that, unless he can storm the defences of Atlanta, his campaign must end in disaster. Since Fort Donelson, no fortress has hitherto been taken, except by starvation.

The repulse of GRANT's attack upon Petersburg has produced a more painful impression in the North than any of his previous failures. His repeated changes of the plan of the campaign were applauded with deliberate levity, as successive improvements on the original project which had proved to be impracticable. His pliant tenacity in adapting his measures to the necessities of his position were more reasonably admired. No Federal General before him had so fully appreciated the advantage of vast superiority in numbers and resources. If he sacrificed a large army in fighting his way to the James River, where he might have landed without the loss of a man, he surprised both friends and enemies by proving that he could still afford to threaten Petersburg and Richmond. For the obsolete anaconda popular fancy substituted a bull-dog who had fastened on the throat of the rebellion, nor was it necessary to remember that every other line of approach had been vainly essayed before the enemy was attacked in front. The defeat in the breach of Petersburg has, for the first time, disturbed the easy confidence of the North. It is generally felt that no alternative plan of campaign can be discovered, nor can the loss of 6,000 men be regarded, as in the beginning of the summer, with indifference or complacency. The most discouraging circumstance is the employment of negro troops in the decisive assault. During all the previous operations since the passage of the Rapidan, General BURNSIDE has commanded the reserve, including the greater portion of the coloured regiments. It is impossible to suppose that GRANT would have risked his success on the steadiness of the blacks, if he had not already expended the best portion of his army. Even in the last assault, he seems, as might have been expected, to have placed white troops in front; and if the Confederates had been driven from their defences, the negro regiments might have been competent to improve the victory. Little blame can attach to recruits from a servile and despised race for their inability to stand against adversaries of unsurpassed energy and daring; but the panic which ensued, though perfectly excusable, was not the less fatal to the hopes of the North. The losses of GRANT's army since it crossed the Rapidan are variously estimated at 80,000, at 100,000, and at 150,000 men. Whatever may be the actual numbers, it is certain that the best troops have been expended in the earlier battles. It is as natural for a general to use his chosen regiments first as for a mechanic to put a steel point to an iron tool. NAPOLEON, indeed, generally held his Guard in reserve; but the bulk of his army was superior in fighting qualities to his Continental opponents. In the Italian war of 1859, the picked troops of the French army were always placed in the front, and one of the supposed reasons for the hurried pacification was the approaching necessity of depending on the conscripts. The composition of the Federal army involves an unusual amount of inequality. The soldiers who have served through two or three campaigns are better than the recent levies, and the negroes, though they have displayed commendable discipline and steadiness, fall far short of the standard of American or European efficiency. If GRANT was not forced

to employ his coloured troops in a desperate attack, he would be liable to a charge of reckless cruelty and injustice.

The defeat or destruction of the negro regiments will tend to discredit the strange measures by which the Northern States are preparing to answer the demand for 500,000 recruits. When Congress, after many changes of purpose, finally abolished the money compensation for the personal services of conscripts, a singular clause in the statute provided that substitutes might be procured from the States in rebellion. As the Confederate population is by no means likely to volunteer suicidal assistance to the North, the measure was intended to apply exclusively to fugitive or liberated slaves. A citizen of New York or Massachusetts who finds himself drafted for service, instead of going into the market for Irish or German substitutes, will employ a broker to find a negro volunteer at the market price of the day. It seems scarcely probable that a sufficient number of coloured recruits will be ultimately forthcoming; but the supply is not yet exhausted, and the morrow must take care of itself. For the present, the negotiations are conducted on behalf of States or townships which desire to fill up their quota before the compulsory draft is enforced. Under the pressure of immediate personal liability, prices are likely hereafter to undergo a rapid rise. If a large coloured army is raised, the Confederates will have little cause for alarm. No proceeding could be more certain to estrange the feelings of the North from a warlike policy. The honour of the Federal arms would be compromised by the inevitable defeat of the black mercenaries; and even if it were possible that they should conquer, their success would grate upon all the national sympathies and prejudices. The victorious army must occupy the South, after overpowering resistance in the field, and the Northern Americans are not yet prepared to place their countrymen in subjection to emancipated negro slaves. It is only as auxiliaries that the coloured regiments can be safely employed, even if they can be induced to take arms against their former masters.

Repugnance to new methods of conducting the war, disappointment at the failure of GRANT'S expedition, and growing financial embarrassment, may perhaps at last produce a reaction in favour of peace. It is impossible to foresee the course of popular feeling, nor does it follow that urgent reasons will operate as cogent motives of action. Perhaps, however, the collapse of GRANT'S military reputation may render a change of policy more feasible. The Democratic party some time since postponed its Convention at Chicago to the end of July, with the obvious purpose of waiting for the result of the pending campaign. If Richmond had been taken, it would have been necessary either to acquiesce in the re-election of Mr. LINCOLN, or to persuade the victorious commander to accept a Democratic nomination. As both candidates are now discredited by a succession of defeats, there is at last an opening for M'CLELLAN. No rival has, on the whole, displayed less incapacity, and the unwise enmity of Mr. LINCOLN has converted his former General into an irreconcilable opponent. The Democrats have for some time discovered that it was useless to affect, in their contest with the Republicans, superior enthusiasm for the prosecution of the war. Even now their success is hopeless unless they undertake to advocate a policy of their own, and there can be no doubt that the majority of their leaders are sincerely desirous of peace. For the present, it will be necessary to profess a determination to preserve the Union, but the real terms of compromise will consist in the recognition of Southern sovereignty, to which it would be the policy of the North to add a Customs Union, and, if possible, a common foreign policy. There are some indications that the Confederate Government would not be unwilling to listen to such proposals, and it might not be impossible to reconcile Northern feeling to an alliance which would partake of the nature of a Federation. Whenever the negotiations commence, the scheme which may be adopted will be recommended to popular favour by its Northern promoters on the ground that it will facilitate the humiliation of England by the conquest of Canada. There are, in fact, dangers of the kind to be apprehended, whenever the present contest is terminated; but, for some time to come, neither the North nor the South will be inclined to engage in a wholly gratuitous war of aggression.

THE LORD-LIEUTENANCY.

LORD CARLISLE'S impending resignation of the Irish Viceroyalty revives the old subject of the retention of the anomalous office which he has so faithfully discharged chiefly by doing as little as possible, and smiling through his

work or no-work. It is possible that the pear has not quite attained that mature age of rottenness in which it will naturally tumble off the tree, and we can scarcely expect from the present Government so bold a step as the abolition of an obsolete institution. But the discussion of the value of an office may be profitably pursued when the highest eulogium that can be passed on its holder is that his tenure of it has been marked by no event at all. Lord CARLISLE has acted wisely enough in modelling his reign on that of the King of IVETOT. He has traversed the land radiant with good humour, and overflowing with pretty speeches. He has kept his sleepy state in the Castle high of Indolence; he has presided over shabby festivities, and he has been hospitable and affable. Personally, he has discharged viceregal duties well; and, because he has very sensibly resolved to be unobtrusive, his reign deserves to be marked with a white stone in the Irish annals. Still, the fact that the office is one in which any other than these modest virtues would be seriously out of place scarcely constitutes a solid justification for its permanence. How did the Irish Lord-Lieutenancy, as it now is, come into existence? It was part of that great system of bribery by which the Union was managed. As the great men and great jobbers of the time were purchased by pensions and peerages, Dublin and the squirearchy were conciliated by establishing a Court, or the pretence of one, with its shabby regalities and formalities. Ireland was, and was not, to be part of the Empire. The Sovereign was to be King of Great Britain and King of Ireland. Never having been a Kingdom, Ireland was to become one, but with a proxy King. This fiction suited the Irish mind, because it meant practically many dinners, much drinking, and much jobbing. The shadowy Court of the Castle was meant to be only a focus of intrigue, oppression, and espionage. The Viceroy, in the days of Orange ascendancy, was to do the work of a proconsul, and the factions which it was inconvenient to purchase were to be ground down. Consequently, under the form of a fictitious independence, the Kingdom of Ireland was for a long time treated as a conquered province. And for such purposes, when communication with England was difficult, perhaps the Lord-Lieutenancy fitted into the Irish policy of those days; but with the establishment of equal rights, and the downfall of Protestant ascendancy, the real purpose of the Viceroyalty ceased.

As things now are, the office of Irish Viceroy is wholly anomalous and illogical. There are other Viceroyalties, or their equivalents, in the world. There is a Viceroy of Egypt, who is, to all intents and purposes, an hereditary and independent sovereign. There is a Captain-General, or Viceroy, of Cuba, whose function is proconsular, and consists in making as much money as he can. There is a Viceroy in India, who is only something less (while his reign lasts) than an Emperor. There is a Viceroy in Canada, but Canada has "responsible Government." But the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland follows none of these types. A Viceroy should be either less or more than Lord CARLISLE and his immediate predecessors. The ideal personage who is always looked out for in Ireland is an English nobleman so rich as to prevent the possibility of his taking office for the sake of making money by it, and so careless of his own immediate and personal duties and position as to prefer the shadowy throne at the Castle to the care of his own estates and station at home. From the nature of the case, the office is one which will never attract a first-rate man. It is not sufficiently independent for an ambitious man, not splendid enough to dazzle the *grand Seigneur*. Its vanities are but petty, its responsibilities are but petty, its administrative capabilities are but few and insignificant. A DALHOUSIE or an ELGIN or a CANNING would scarcely accept the Lord-Lieutenancy. It asks rather the sort of nobleman who would not disdain to flaunt his diamonds or his equipage at a Moscow coronation. The first and fatal objection to the Lord-Lieutenancy is that it would never be accepted by a statesman of mark. The Embassy to Paris or St. Petersburg offers a far nobler field for talent and honourable ambition; and though it is possible, if the thing lasts long enough, that some life-tenants of Alnwick, or Tretham, or Belvoir, or Woburn, or Knowsley may be willing to be banished for seven years from their ancestral halls, they will scarcely be found among the most distinguished of the representatives of the great English ruling families. High self-respect would make an English nobleman of the first rank, political or social, hesitate, to say the least of it, at the offer of Dublin Castle and its mock regalities.

To Ireland itself, the continuance of the office is demoralizing. It is time that the sister kingdom should have lost her

taste for childish things. To the so-called patriots, the LORD-LIEUTENANT is only a symbol of Saxon oppression; and the Irishman who understands the real interests of his country will be the first to acknowledge that anything which keeps up the farce, and worse than farce, of separate nationalities in the Empire ought as soon as possible to cease. What Ireland wants is that the name of Irishman should have as little political meaning as the name of Welshman or Scotchman. The separate Court and separate State and separate officials of Ireland are doubly mischievous, because they suggest a line of partition to which the whole policy of the Empire is opposed. The condition of Ireland is perhaps not a thing to be proud of, but that it is no worse is entirely to be attributed to the gradual effacing of political distinctions. Certain Scottish fanatics of an heraldic turn of mind would be glad if Holyrood were tenanted by a pale mockery of Kingship, as unsubstantial as that which still flits uneasily about the dismal halls of Dublin Castle; but Scottish good sense—that is, a true appreciation of Scottish interests—knows that if Scotland since JAMES VI.'s days had been governed by a Lord-Lieutenant, it would not have been the Scotland that it is.

There are other levellers at work which, sooner or later, will bring the inevitable day to the LORD-LIEUTENANT. The steam-engine and the railway and the electric telegraph will be the death of the Irish Viceroyalty. When a Government messenger ran the chance of being detained for a fortnight by adverse winds at Holyhead, Ireland was, for all practical purposes, as far from England as Canada. In those days, the separate administration of an island always on the verge of rebellion, and separated from the seat of Imperial Government by stormy seas, as well as by stormy factions, might be justified. But there are now no more difficulties in governing Dublin than Edinburgh. There only remains what, after all, is the real plea for retaining the Lord-Lieutenancy. The Dublin tradesmen would suffer if the Castle expenditure were suppressed; the Dublin ladies would grumble if the Castle balls were to cease. It is enough to answer that State policy is not to be subjected to considerations such as these. Somehow or other, Edinburgh has not been expunged from the map of Scotland, although some centuries passed without a royal visit to Holyrood; and in London we have for two or three years tried to exist, though the Sovereign has never slept in her capital. As to the Irish ladies, those who have any business at Court can get readily enough to the real thing at St. James's; and as to those who perhaps form the majority of the Castle circle, they may be as usefully employed in managing their own households as in finessing for the LORD-LIEUTENANT'S cards. The plea of Dublin interests is humiliating to Dublin. Dublin had better buckle to the realities of life, and in the duties of the present forget the illusions of the past. The empty mansions of Merion Square and the decayed glories of College Green must show them that the days have for ever departed when the winter season of Dublin emulated the present London season. What is happening to Dublin is only what has happened to many minor provincial capitals in England. York, Exeter, and Salisbury—not to speak of Edinburgh—used to be winter capitals for their respective provincials. Time and railways have dethroned them. Some have taken, and profitably, to trade. Some have gone to decay. If Dublin can only be propped up into a fictitious prosperity, which is no prosperity at all, by the broken reed of the Lord-Lieutenancy, the sooner it is taught to walk alone and to depend on its own energies the better. As Dublin can neither be a Brighton nor a Cheltenham nor a Bath, it may as well try to be itself. The prosperity of cities can only be secured by commercial energy. There are great capabilities for trade and capital in Dublin; and if there were not, it would have no choice but to follow natural laws. Anyhow, whether its prosperity is to rise or fall, its prosperity will not be secured by the Lord-Lieutenancy. One of the strongest arguments against the Viceroyalty is that it demoralizes the Irish capital by suggesting that its existence depends upon the Castle patronage.

THE SALT OF SOCIETY.

A SLIGHT sketch of the private life of Lord Elgin, written with great feeling and in excellent taste, has lately been published in the *North British Review*. The writer only gives an outline of Lord Elgin's public career, and leaves it to others to paint the varied scenes of diplomatic life through which the late Governor-General passed in his career of labour and enterprise. Some day the narrative of this career will be written, and if it is but well done, it ought to be full of interest and instruction. It is

of Lord Elgin as he was known to his family and familiar friends that the article in the *North British Review* treats. More especially it gives a record of his last days, after the fatal disease which terminated his life had displayed itself, and while he was waiting for his release. He ended his days as a sober, courageous, religious man should end them, devoted in his affection to all around him, anxious to lessen their sorrow, forgetful of himself, and resigned to the will of God. The writer seems to think that Lord Elgin was underrated, and that it was too hastily supposed that tact was the great instrument of his success. Even if other qualities than tact have not been sufficiently attributed to him, it must be remembered that tact often implies very high gifts both mental and moral. No one could have done as well as Lord Elgin did in positions so dissimilar, without great ability, and great soundness and firmness of mind. He was a thoroughly useful public servant, but we confess that when we read the story of all the patience, tenderness, and delicacy of feeling which he displayed in his private life, he rises in our estimation. The useful public servant may have few domestic virtues, and still he is to be honoured on account of his services. But when he is good and great in a humble way at home, and shows in the more intimate relations of life a devout, cheerful, right-judging character, the combination presents exactly that which we most admire and wish to see in Englishmen. Lord Elgin was not a great statesman, but he was almost a model specimen of the Englishman of the higher classes who devotes his life to the less alluring forms of the public service. That the upper classes of England produce in considerable abundance the kind of character of which Lord Elgin is the type, is perhaps the best thing that can be said of them. Such men are the salt of English society. They, more than any other set of men, maintain that peculiarly English form of high character in which are united a strong sense of duty, an enlarged conception of patriotism, an unostentatious refinement, and all the minor virtues that make a home happy. Lord Raglan immediately occurs as another instance of the same type of man; and an aristocracy that produces such men is a real aristocracy, so far as it goes, for it is the nursery-ground of that, in the national character, which is first and best. A class, or any large body, may be often most fairly judged by looking at the best of its second-rate men, for they show us in a conspicuous way the excellences of the section of society to which they belong, and we are not disturbed in our judgment by any excess of admiration. Lord Raglan was a good commander—perhaps the ablest man as a commander in either of the allied armies during the Crimean war; but he was not a great general like the Duke of Wellington. Lord Elgin was an excellent governor of our dependencies, but he was not a great governor like the Marquis Wellesley. But Lord Raglan and Lord Elgin are much fairer and better specimens of what the governing class of England is like at its best. They exhibit a degree of perfection in public and private virtue to which any one in a similar position may reasonably aspire, and it is because many persons of different degrees attain to something of the same measure and kind of perfection that English society in the upper classes is kept tolerably sound and pure.

But it is worth observing how extremely limited is the quantity in which any one form of excellence is produced or can be produced in the world. The recollections of our history, and the traditions of English life, and especially of English provincial life, make us naturally regard such men as Lord Elgin as the right kind of man for a country to produce. Nothing seems to us more honourable, more natural, more perfect—in a word, more English—than that a man should go out to govern dependencies in a spirit of justice and moderation, that he should love his Queen and his country, that he should cheerfully forego all the comforts and pleasures of home, and that he should be brimful of devoted affection for his wife and his children. This is, so to speak, our prize flower. We grow him, and are justly proud of him. But the other nations that do not grow him are perhaps to be pitied more than to be blamed. Where are we to find his parallel? We shall have to go farther off than might be expected at first. The nearest parallel among modern nations is probably to be found in the better order of the Colonial Governors of Spain. In the later days of the Spanish Colonial Empire, the Governors of the Spanish Indies reflected the laxity, the avarice, the degraded ignorance, and the semblance of imbecile piety which held sway in the mother-country. But in earlier days there were great and noble-minded men who saw in the government of dependencies a field for the exercise of the sterner virtues, and a sublime opportunity for doing justice at the risk of their own comfort and ease. The Empire of Rome, however, in ancient times, furnishes a much closer and better parallel; for in Rome there was the same notion of duty as in England, there was much of the same ardent admiration of country which is one form of patriotism, and the whole character of enlightened Paganism singularly resembled that of enlightened Protestantism. Agricola must have been very like Lord Elgin, and was perhaps chiefly superior to him, if at all, because he had Tacitus for a biographer. But if the parallels to be found in other nations are so few and so remote, the peculiar form of excellence exhibited in English public servants of the second order can only be one form among many. This may seem obvious, but nothing is practically harder to bring home to the mind than that moral excellence, like morals themselves, is something varying and diverse. There are, indeed, many nations of the world so far in the position of England that the typical character of the upper classes is not very dissimilar to the English ideal.

The better order of Italian statesmen, for example, are remarkably like the English type. They display the same moderation, the same courage, the same devotion to their country, the same spirit of justice and sobriety. But there are other countries which we must allow to be great where the ideal character is quite different. The society that leads those countries derives its salt from a different source; and we gain a notion of the wide area of moral excellence when we find it filled with types the value of which we must acknowledge, but which we must also acknowledge are very unlike our own.

There are, for example, two great nations akin in race to our own, and with which we have many affinities of religion, literature, and government, and yet their typical character of national excellence is conspicuously different from ours. Germany and America have their ideals, but their ideals are not English ideals. With the Germans the characteristic virtue or quality is many-sidedness. It is their aim to seize human life under its varying aspects, to move in all the directions in which the powers of man enable him to move, to know what man can know, to be at once practical and speculative, to be religious, philosophical, liberal, conservative, artistic, scientific, military, agricultural, commercial and aristocratic. This is the vast union of antithetical qualities which Goethe labours to set forth as the highest prize of heroic natures. This was the ideal which he forced, as far as nature would permit, on the Duke of Weimar, while it was his dearest wish to show that he himself could practise what he preached. But we have ourselves seen the German ideal actually embodied before our eyes. The late Prince Consort was an eminent instance of the model German. It was a matter of principle with him to be everything and to do everything. He helped the Queen to carry on constitutional government; he controlled, if he did not determine, the course of foreign policy; he was not only a judge of art, but a practical artist; he mastered science sufficiently to understand the products of science; he applied himself patiently to military affairs, and even descended to such minutiae as inventing a hat; he paid attention to farming, and no one sent fatter or better pigs to agricultural shows; he surveyed every detail of the education of his children as if they had had to earn their bread by their wits. Besides all this, he made himself one of the best-informed men in the country. Probably no one had a more copious store of accurate knowledge. If a traveller returned from the centre of Africa, the Prince Consort was one of the first to apprehend the geography which the traveller had discovered or invented. If a statesman or a general came back from India, he found that at Windsor there was one resident in England who knew the details of Indian history and of Indian localities better than most men who have spent their lives in Calcutta. The Prince was perfectly restless in his search after knowledge, and it was simply incomprehensible to him how a man could be a Secretary of State and yet be as contentedly ignorant as Lord Lyveden. He would have got up in a morning all that Lord Lyveden failed to learn during his long tenure of office. This love of many-sidedness is very un-English. It seems to us a little weak, a little pedantic, and involving an enormous effort. We feel as if we must be good and industrious every moment of our lives to attain to it, and then what would life be worth? But even Englishmen, if they would reflect on it, must acknowledge that it has its noble side, and that a nation which determines to pursue it may have a salt and a virtue of its own.

It is harder to say what the American ideal is, and what is the salt of American society. It appears, indeed, as if American society, to a large extent, thinks it can get on very well without salt at all, and that it can keep itself good, as German hams are kept, by smoking only. Still there are higher minds in America, and minds that have set their impress on the national character, and stamped it with an excellence of its own. The capacity which more than any other seems to have been evoked and fostered in America, is the capacity of devotion to great causes. In England, too, there have been plenty of men who have given themselves up to the promotion of causes that have seemed to them all-important; but then in England the promotion of a cause is necessarily mixed up with party politics, and with the small histories of changing Ministries. In America there is nothing like the English Constitution, nothing like the English aristocracy, to stand between a man and his cause. He is placed face to face with it, and sees it in all its overpowering importance to himself personally. The doctrine of State rights or the preaching of Abolition is accepted by him as if it involved the first principles of religion. He loses himself in the cause he loves, and rushes wildly to defend it. This is at best a rude virtue. It implies the absence of all that power of estimating conflicting arguments and acknowledging conflicting duties which experience teaches to civilized man. It does not carry mankind much beyond the height attained by the simple fanaticism of the Mahomedan, who, when he has asserted that there is one God and Mahomed is his prophet, conceives that he has settled the nature of things once for all. But still, in a young, unformed, uninstructed society like that of America, in a country without a history and without a literature, there is a promise of greater things when so much rude vigour is displayed in the adherence to great causes. It is the sort of salt that is natural and proper to the society where it is found. As societies differ, so does that which purifies and elevates them; and scarcely any society is to be found on earth in which some purifying and elevating influence is not at work.

ESTABLISHING PRECEDENTS.

A LAWYER with a taste for casuistical speculations was one day walking over a common. He heard a noise by the roadside, which appeared on examination to proceed from a battle between a rabbit and a weasel. The weasel had the rabbit by the throat, and the rabbit was drumming furiously on the weasel's back with his forepaws. The lawyer began to doubt whether he should interfere or not. By interfering, he would save the rabbit's life; but he would also deprive the weasel of his dinner, which he was earning in the natural way of his business. By not interfering, he would neglect to save the life of the rabbit, which, as compared with depriving the weasel of his dinner, would produce a balance of pain. It appeared to the lawyer, who was a practical man as well as a casuist, that under these circumstances the rabbit ought to have the benefit of the doubt; and instead of following the advice of one of his own profession who, when a notorious rogue was defended by an ingenious quibble, proposed to "hang the man and save the point," he saved the rabbit's life from his antagonist, and also saved the point whether he had done right for further consideration. Upon reflection, he arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that he had done right, on the ground that the individual act produced more pleasure than pain, and that it did not, and from the nature of the case could not, tend to establish an injurious precedent. If, in order to save the life of the individual rabbit, it had been necessary to lay down the general principle that all rabbits ought to have their lives protected against all weasels, he would have been wrong; for to affirm such a principle would have been to interfere with the established order of nature whereby it is ordained that rabbits should be the prey of weasels. But the particular act had no such meaning. The lawyer had not the remotest intention of becoming a knight-errant on the part of rabbits in general against weasels, nor did he even intend to set up a company for that purpose. His connexion with the subject began and ended with that particular interference, the plain result of which was life to the rabbit and a countermand of dinner to the weasel; and it was hundreds, perhaps thousands, to one that he would never see such a sight again as long as he lived.

The distinction between acts which do and those which do not establish precedents is well worth more attention than it has received, and has some tendency to throw a light on some of the standing difficulties of moral speculations. It is, perhaps, too broad an expression to say that there can be any act which does not establish some precedent. If, for instance, our learned friend happened on another occasion to see another rabbit fighting for his life against another weasel on the same common, he would probably feel himself to some extent bound by his previous decision, which, as against him, may be said to establish the principle that, whenever he sees a weasel or other creature, *ejusdem generis*, killing its prey, he ought to interfere. But he was certainly right in the opinion that his conduct did not commit him (as at first sight it might appear to do) to the principle that beasts of prey ought, under all circumstances, to be prevented from indulging their natural appetites.

It is probably true that almost every action important enough to be deliberated about may be referred to some principle, but nothing is easier than to mistake the principles to which actions ought to be referred. For instance, a man travels by railway on a Sunday. Does it follow that he approves of Sunday trains? Certainly not. His use of them, when they are established, is perfectly consistent with the opinion that they never ought to have been established at all. He affirms the principle that there is nothing wrong in his own action, and that is all; but his journey may be made for a thousand reasons. He may be a clergyman going to preach a sermon, and obliged to pass as quickly as possible from one of two churches served by him to another. The most rigid Sabbatarian would hardly deny that in such a case it was not only no sin, but a positive duty, to take the journey; and, the train running whether the clergyman went by it or not, how would it be inconsistent in him to take his ticket, and preach at the end of his journey against Sunday trains? His own conduct proves only that he thinks a clergyman may lawfully travel on Sunday for professional purposes, but it proves nothing as to his view about the conduct of railway directors who run trains on a Sunday.

It may, indeed, be said, that if there were no travellers there would be no trains; and, therefore, every person who travels supports and encourages *pro tanto* the thing to which he objects. This implies a weak view of the whole subject. The travelling of a single person on a single occasion will make no appreciable difference at all, except in the feelings of the person himself. If he abstains from going, he will put himself to a slight inconvenience, and that is all. It would be different, no doubt, if there were an organized movement on the subject. If a large number of people entered into an agreement not to travel by Sunday trains, or, as regards their week-day journeys, to give a preference, in the case of competing lines, to the railway which ran the fewest Sunday trains or none at all, it might be worth while for a particular man on a particular occasion to avoid travelling. His sacrifice would be of some use; but for one person by himself to do such a thing is as if one person were to send the Chancellor of the Exchequer a 5*l.* note as a contribution towards the payment of the National Debt, or as if a single man were to buy a military dress and learn the manual exercise—like the Brook Green volunteer who used to figure so

largely in *Punch* some years ago—by way of preventing an invasion. This may help to solve a good many problems which have somewhat gone out of fashion because the views of life which gave them practical interest are going out of fashion, but which still retain their curiosity. What is our duty about going to theatres? Should we like to see our daughters earn their living as actresses—if not, can we conscientiously pay other women for acting? The answer is, leave actresses to settle their own point of conscience. Act for yourself, according to your own judgment of the effect which this or that amusement produces on your own mind. If you find such amusements morally injurious, abstain from them. If not, enjoy them; but the fact that you go to the play does not commit you to the principle that the existence of theatres and of professional actors is a good thing. You might have a box at Drury Lane and yet agitate for the suppression of theatres. There is no real reason why a soldier should not be a member of the Peace Society.

There are two important qualifications to this theory which ought to be borne in mind—one as a rider to the theory itself, the other as a practical observation. The first is, that the question whether a given action is wrong is not answered in the negative by the consideration that it does not involve a particular false principle. For instance, if in the case of the rabbit, the weasel, and the lawyer, the latter had seen that the weasel, if deprived of his rabbit, would himself die, it would probably have been his duty to let the law take its course. So, if there were any moral objection to any particular person's going to any particular play, the objection would be altogether unaffected by the reflection that theatres are established institutions, and that by going to them people do not affirm the principle that their existence is desirable. The other qualification, which is matter rather of practice than of theory, is that people in general do, in fact, think much more by way of association than by the rules of logic. The distinction above laid down may be solid, but it is not generally understood. To most people the arguments—"You go in a Sunday train yourself; how can you object to Sunday trains?" "You are a brewer; with what force can you advocate Temperance?" "You are a soldier; how can you be a member of the Peace Society?"—appear unanswerable. The one image calls up the other by way of contrast so readily, and is so naturally opposed to it, that the mind passes insensibly from the one to the other. It is so natural to think of the Peace Society as being something altogether antagonistic to war and fighting that its opposition to the duties of a soldier strikes the mind at once as something self-evident—too obvious, indeed, to require either proof or illustration. People dislike trouble and hate refinements, and will never bother themselves to look out for principles by which conduct apparently inconsistent may be shown not to be so in reality. The consequence of this is that, in practice, it is generally, or at all events frequently, desirable to make sacrifices to apparent consistency which real consistency does not require. If you object to Sunday trains, and do not want people to think you a hypocrite, you had better not travel by railway on Sunday yourself, even if there is no hypocrisy in doing so. A man is under no moral obligation to forfeit his neighbour's good opinion for the sake of asserting an obscure principle.

It ought also to be observed that the clearest logical perception of the principles on which conduct may be justified by no means destroys the effect which that conduct produces on the mind of the person who adopts it by way of habit or association. A man may see, for instance, that drunkenness is a great evil; he may also see that there is nothing morally wrong in being a brewer; but still, if he is a brewer, he is likely enough to get to think less of the evil of drunkenness than another man would. This affords another illustration of the difference between negative and positive goodness—the goodness which breaks no positive rule, and the goodness which consists in directing the mind towards definite good objects, either practical or theoretical. A man whose thoughts ran strongly in the benevolent direction would not, on the whole, choose to be a brewer, just as a particularly humane man would not choose to be a butcher. If a man can choose his position in life, he would do well to choose one which is likely to develop the strong points of his character. A hangman might be very benevolent, but a very benevolent man would scarcely choose the profession of a hangman. Sometimes, no doubt, the force of contrast produces a strange inverse effect on the mind. A man, for instance, is humane, not so much although as because he is a soldier. The haughtiness and the boiling passions and spirits of the Napiers might have made them indifferent to suffering if they had never had it before them in its most awful form; but the sights which they saw in Spain and elsewhere seem to have developed in them a wonderful tenderness of feeling. The phenomenon of the union of riches and religion may be something of the same sort. A banker or brewer steeped in wealth to the very lips may be shamed into reflections on another world. In some cases, too, he may wish to hedge.

POPULAR ETIQUETTE.

IT is the part of true wisdom not to be above being instructed, and modesty is never more attractive than when it displays a genuine anxiety for self-improvement. We make this observation because we have been learning how to behave, and we wish to have our teachableness appreciated. In plainer language,

we have been reading three *Handy Books of Etiquette*—two of them intended for the respective improvement of males and females, and the third designed to guide readers of both sexes through the thorny though interesting period of Courtship and Marriage. Their contents have all the guarantees that can be afforded by large circulation and proved public confidence, for they bear on their title-pages the impress of the *Family Herald*; and their publication is dictated by the belief that, "while available for the cottage, they may also secure a place in the mansion." Towards the promotion of this latter purpose we wish to contribute our share. The philosophical views of the writer are transcendental enough to make it evident that he approaches his subject with a proper sense of its importance, and it is only to be regretted that he is not always exempt from the obscurity which is the common vice of metaphysicians. Thus, after defining etiquette as "the form or law of society enacted and upheld by the more refined classes as a protection and a shield against the intrusion of the vulgar and impertinent," and distinguishing it from a mere "cold observance of forms of speech and motions of the body," he goes on to tell us that it consists in a "happy union of the moral and the graceful," and in "the feeling of a just harmony between our interest and our social relations." The meaning of this last clause is almost beyond the range of ordinary comprehension, and we can only interpret it as implying that no man will care to unite "the moral and the graceful" in his own person unless he is certain of making it pay. Thus only will he realize the "just harmony" between his politeness and his pocket. Still this sentiment is so unworthy of the exalted tone which generally pervades the work, that we cannot but suspect that we have mistaken the author's meaning. Fortunately, when he has once fairly started, he is more superficial and more intelligible, and it is from the more practical part of his treatise that we propose to take some hints for the joint benefit of our readers and ourselves.

In the *Etiquette for Ladies*, the first place is very properly given to the subject of dress, the writer justly remarking that "we see what a person is before we hear what she says." The frequent revolutions of fashion make it impossible for him to do more than lay down a few general rules, but we may hope that the suggestion that "a lady of real delicacy will be scrupulous as to the cleanliness of her person," even if she is going to breakfast alone, will be unaffected by any of the changes in question. It is satisfactory also to learn that no attachment to ringlets can excuse an appearance in curl-papers, even before the members of the wearer's own family, though it may be doubted whether the permission to conceal them "beneath bands of their back hair" is not a dangerous concession, and one which may possibly lead to inconvenient consequences. "With ladies of rank, the morning dress should be changed as early as possible after breakfast"; but, in an inferior position, cleanliness and the absence of curl-papers seem all that is required to get through the morning creditably. Exalted station naturally involves increased responsibilities. The only thing we have to find fault with in this part of the work is a disposition to accord an unjust and invidious privilege to tall women. They, we are told, "may with every propriety display a pretty foot and a well-turned ankle," while very long skirts are contemptuously described as "much more fitting for a short figure." For gentlemen the writer prescribes nothing beyond an avoidance of singularity, except in the case of a bridegroom, for whom "a black dress coat and trousers, white waistcoat, with white necktie and white gloves" are recommended as "in much better taste than coloured clothes." "The result," we are told, "is sure to be killing." It may be a comfort, however, to any matrimonially-minded reader to know that he will be permitted "to rearrange his toilet" before starting on the wedding tour. The disciples are now properly dressed for their entrance into society. How are they to conduct themselves when there? Extreme caution in the choice of acquaintance is the first requisite. A lady must "pause well and long" before she allows any one to be introduced to her, though, "as a general rule," if the offer is made by a near relative of her own, "a father, mother, husband, brother, sister, it may at once be acceded to." It is some relief to find even this amount of relaxation in the stringency of the regulation, as it would be extremely embarrassing to have an introduction by a husband or sister followed only by an immediate pause and an ultimate refusal. When the introduction has at length been effected, the lady is to bend her head gracefully, "the habit of shaking hands and saluting—the latter especially—being now quite exploded." On the second meeting of two ladies, however, "the hand may be extended," and we suppose taken, but only great intimacy can justify such a step in the case of a lady and gentleman. Strict as these rules may seem to be, they can hardly be regarded as uncalled for, since it appears that some young ladies "are so incautious, without meaning to be forward or unmaidenly, that they suffer the attendance of gentlemen, and even accept flowers from them, without even knowing the name or position of the person whose gallantry and attendance are thus permitted." In a railway carriage, however, conversation is allowable between persons, even of different sexes, who have not been introduced, the lady being "polite and dignified," the gentleman "civil but cautious"; and the latter is further warned never for a moment to "forget his gentlemanly deportment," even "if the party addressing him should be unpleasant or vulgar."

The chapters devoted to the subject of visits are full of new and valuable information. The necessary inquiries after the health of

your friend should, it seems, be addressed to the "domestics," and in this way "you will not need, on your entrance to the drawing-room, to use the hackneyed phrase 'How d'ye do?'" The only objection we see to this reform is that it is merely destructive, and provides no substitute for the greeting objected to. We have occasionally found it so hard to invent any second observation that we have no wish to be deprived of the one upon which we have been accustomed to rely by way of a start. We are comforted, however, by an assurance in the next paragraph that inquiries after health are never out of place when "made with apparent interest," and we shall endeavour for the future to throw as much enthusiasm as possible into the medical element of our greetings. While paying a visit of ceremony, ladies are cautioned not to take off their bonnets and shawls; and if the lady they are calling on looks at her watch or rises from her seat, they are to take it as a hint to "withdraw with quiet ease," as if they had "not noticed this tacit invitation to depart." It is altogether contrary to etiquette to take children or dogs into the room with you. The collocation may seem uncomplimentary to mothers, and still more so, perhaps, to the mistresses of favourite dogs, but we are not responsible for it. The suggestions as to conduct at the dinner-table are mainly addressed to gentlemen, and we regret to perceive that they are founded on a decidedly low estimate of their ordinary deportment on these occasions. They are forbidden to hurry away to the dining-room before every one else, "to betray any anxiety as to the fare," to make any reference to the state of their appetite, or even to express a hope that the dinner will be a good one. Throughout the meal they are to be on their guard against any open manifestation of greediness, either in word or deed; and finally, when the dessert is placed on the table, they are not to "make a point of choosing the rarest and choicest among the fruits." In fact, the process of eating in public seems to be surrounded by so many pitfalls that it is really a relief to learn that at balls a supper consumes time which would be better spent in dancing, and that, for that reason, "it is not unusual to substitute sandwiches and light confectionery"—a reform which is admirably calculated to subdue the most ungovernable appetite. While dancing, "the countenance should wear a pleasing and satisfied expression; an air of gaiety should be diffused over the features, and a graceful buoyancy distinguish the motions of the body." With these aims in view, we can readily appreciate the importance of the caution not to "dig your fingers into your partner's side like a pair of nippers," as this method of treatment would obviously render it difficult for her to maintain the prescribed demeanour.

In the *Etiquette of Courtship*, introductions again play an important part. Flirtation, indeed, may be carried on without them, as "churches and chapels, lectures, Sunday-school teachings, music meetings, singing-classes, omnibus and railway journeyings, picnics, fancy-fairs and bazaars, and a thousand other ways open to society a wide field for indulgence in that dangerous pastime." Of all these, a strict regard to truth compels the writer to give the first place to "mutual attendance at church or chapel." As a rule, he considers these "church courtships" destructive of propriety, but he allows that even here, "when the eye falls" upon a young lady who is behaving herself properly, "the person so distinguished may be graven in the memory," and an introduction legitimately, though patiently, sought for. After this privilege has been secured, the gentleman is recommended to obtain the consent of the lady's parents to visit at their house upon such a footing as will not "commit himself or the lady he seeks to win, should he find upon more intimate acquaintance that she is not calculated to make him happy." During this probationary period both the persons concerned are naturally on their best behaviour. The lady puts forth all her accomplishments, the gentleman is lavish of his attentions. Still, he must keep his tendency to make presents under restraint until he becomes an accepted lover, though flowers offered to the young lady, and still more to her sisters, may be accepted without compromise to the neutral position of the parties, while a little "choice fruit, or game, or small dainty of which the family can partake," will be a still more appropriate offering. We know nothing in literature prettier than the picture which these last words present to us, of the blushing maiden shyly glancing at her adorer as he bashfully unpapers a sweetbread, or draws an early cucumber from his pocket. These thrilling moments may also be utilized in ascertaining whether the young lady has any notion how such tokens of affection are to be cooked. But this is too important a point to be cared for only on exceptional occasions. The ordinary course of the family meals will supply "little scraps of information" which no wise observer will disregard. "Oh, you must taste Lucy's cake!"—"A morsel of Ally's pudding," or "My Julia's partridge pie," are the pleasant injunctions from one to the other which a man may turn to good account, and, by a few adroit remarks, elicit enough for his purpose." It must not be supposed, however, that our author is always thus practical and prosaic. On the contrary, he numbers among the "indications of mutual liking and admiration"—

The pressure of the thrilling hand,
The kiss so guiltless and refined.

But even here his wonted caution does not quite desert him, and he is careful to add, "Poetry, charming as it is, must not override etiquette; and our rules will admit of no kiss being given or received until the proposal has sanctioned such an endearment." Indeed, on the slightest approach to flirtation the *Handbook* is markedly severe, and its language rises to almost tragic eloquence

as it depicts the coquette "artfully causing her victim to indulge in a sort of St. Vitus's dance, and then, with a low laugh of scorn, leaving him to conclude his gyrations. Such women help to fill our lunatic asylums, and to augment bachelorhood." Alas! why did he not tell them they might help to augment spinsterdom? Then indeed there might have been some chance of his scathing denunciations being attended to.

GRAND JURIES.

THE ancient institution of the Reeve and the Twelve Eldest Thanes—which modern laxity has developed into a larger number of Thanes of any age, while it has shut out the Reeve from any share in their counsels—is one on which we should like to get the opinion of the intelligent foreigner. Whether a modern Grand Jury has, or has not, any lineal descent from the Twelve Thanes of King Æthelred's Dooms, it is certain that the institution has departed widely from its original purpose, and that its merits must be discussed with reference purely to its practical working, and not to any antiquarian speculations as to its origin. Not that the Grand Jury has departed more widely from its original purpose than the Petty Jury. The whole Jury system has grown up very gradually in a very long space of time. Without any violent changes at any particular moment, the Juries of one age have come to discharge very different duties from the Juries of another age. In one thing alone do Juries of all ages and all sizes, ancient and modern, Grand and Petty, thoroughly agree. The Jury system, in every shape, asserts the principle that the administration of justice ought not to be wholly in the hands either of Crown officials or of professional lawyers, but that the people at large ought to have a voice in it in some shape or other. The "country" may act, according to changing times and manners, as an accuser, as a witness, or as a judge, but amidst all changes the "country" has retained a very practical share in the business. That the "country" should act in what may be called two Houses, in judicial as well as in legislative matters, is no more than consistent with the principles of what is called a mixed government. No Englishman can be condemned till a more aristocratic and a more democratic body have both decided against him. But the aristocratic and the democratic branch are alike popular bodies in the sense of being taken from the mass of their several orders, and representing the feeling of the general body of those several orders, not the feeling either of a professional or of an official class. But the functions of the two branches of the local judiciary curiously invert the functions of the two branches of the national Parliament. When the Great Council of the nation sits in judgment upon any great public offender, the Commons impeach him and the Lords judge him. In the trial of the local sinner, on the other hand, it is the local Upper House which accuses, and the local Lower House which absolves or condemns. Such at least is the theory; as for the practice, we need hardly say that, however things may have stood in the days of the Twelve Eldest Thanes, a modern Grand Jury does not really accuse at all, but judges of accusations which others bring before it. The Jurors of our Lady the Queen are exhorted to do a variety of things, and never to present or to fail to present from any but the purest motives, the form of the oath plainly contemplating them as at least possibly presenting from their own knowledge. And ever and anon we do hear of a Grand Jury making a voluntary presentation about something or other—sometimes about things quite alien from the administration of criminal justice. But, as everybody knows, their real business is to judge—to judge, moreover, after hearing one side only. That such a judgment cannot be final is manifest on the face of it; but there is something at first sight grotesque in such an imperfect kind of examination taking place at any stage of a trial. If it is to come anywhere, one would think that it should come first of all—that it should be the very first stage of the business, to determine whether the charge is utterly frivolous or whether it is worth while to go on any further. This is in fact what the Grand Jury do decide. Their finding No Bill proves a great deal against the prosecutor, but their finding a True Bill proves very little against the prisoner. As they hear only the witnesses for the prosecution, as they do not see the prisoner or any one on his behalf, or hear any sort of defence in any shape, for the Grand Jury to throw out a bill proves that the charge is one so little supported by evidence that it breaks down of itself and needs no answer to be made to it. If they find the bill, it proves, not that the accused is guilty, or even most probably guilty, but only that the charge is not utterly frivolous—that there is at least enough to be said for it to need an answer. The odd thing is that this very preliminary examination does not take place till after an examination by a magistrate who does hear both sides as fully as they can be heard at that early stage of the proceedings. No doubt the prisoner before the magistrate often reserves his defence, but his defence is listened to if he chooses to make it; before the Grand Jury he has no opportunity of making any defence at all. It certainly seems odd that the more searching kind of investigation should be followed by that which is less searching. It is only the historical origin of the institution which can explain the anomaly. The examination by the magistrate, especially in the elaborate form which it takes in important cases, is something much more modern than the original functions of the Grand Jury. As it is now, though they have less full means of information than the committing Justice, they nevertheless act as a sort of court of appeal from his decision. The Petty Jury does not so act; he and they try

different issues. The magistrate may be quite right in committing, and yet the Petty Jury may be equally right in acquitting. But if the Grand Jury throw out the bill, the magistrate can hardly have been right in committing. For he and they have to try the same issue—namely, whether the case is one which ought to go into Court. Only the magistrate, who hears both sides, tries that issue with much better means of judging rightly than the Grand Jury, who hear only one side. If, then, the Grand Jury, after hearing the accusers only, think the accusation so weak that it falls through of itself, without hearing the defence, it seems to imply that the magistrate has committed—that is, in most cases, that he has deprived a man of his liberty—on insufficient grounds. This is reasoning which it seems hardly possible to escape.

The direct use of a Grand Jury, then, in modern times, consists in the degree in which it is needed either to correct or to prevent improper commitments on the part of magistrates. Those who say that Grand Juries ought to be abolished always attack them on this ground. The magistrate's preliminary examination and the final trial in Court are, they contend, enough; there is no need to interpose a third examination which is necessarily much more imperfect than either. To set a number of men to go through so needless a process is an unjustifiable call upon their time and their pockets. This is the sort of objection which is constantly brought, but it is to be noted that it is a purely local one. The abolition of Grand Juries is something like the abolition of Turnpikes. Ever and anon our hearts are gladdened for a moment by seeing a paragraph in the papers bearing the latter attractive heading. We think, for that moment, that the happy day is at last coming, and that we shall all be able to ride into our market towns without having to draw up and fumble in our pockets for pennies and twopences. We look again and we see that the real thing is not the abolition of turnpikes, but only a movement for their abolition "in the metropolitan district." There is indeed this difference between the cases, that though the movement is in both cases local, it is, for the most part, only in one case that the desire is local. Other districts would agree with the "metropolitan district" in wishing to get rid of turnpikes if they saw any chance, while it is the "metropolitan district" alone which is anxious to get rid of its Grand Juries.

The "metropolitan" case against Grand Juries is generally backed up by the additional argument that they may possibly be necessary in benighted rural counties to correct the blunders of ignorant country squires, but that it cannot be necessary in an enlightened "metropolitan district" to set a Grand Jury to revise the decisions of the learned and experienced magistrates who preside in metropolitan police courts. Whatever truth there may be in the latter assertion, the former admission is not wholly consistent. As an *argumentum ad hominem* it might be met by saying that, however stupid the single squire may be, he gives his best attention to the matter, so that his blunders are not likely to be corrected by a larger number of squires, who need not be any wiser than himself, and who cannot look so narrowly into the matter as he has done. But the fact is that the "metropolitan" objectors to Grand Juries have got hold of half a truth. It is true, as they say, though not perhaps altogether for the reason that they allege, that a Grand Jury in the "metropolitan district" and a Grand Jury in the country at large do not answer exactly the same ends, and that the two need not necessarily stand or fall together.

We may safely say, then, that a Grand Jury at an ordinary Assize does no possible harm, and that it does some direct, and a great deal of indirect, good. It does no possible harm, because it cannot condemn the innocent and it is not likely to set free the guilty. A bill is not likely to be thrown out unless the evidence is very weak indeed. It cannot condemn the innocent, because its decision is not final, nor does its finding a true bill act, like a magistrate's committal, to deprive a man for any length of time of his liberty. And if it sends prisoners into court who are acquitted there, it should be remembered that a man who is really innocent, but against whom there is serious suspicion, would generally wish to be tried in court and to disprove the charge publicly, rather than have the charge secretly burked, as it were, by the Grand Jury. The Grand Jury therefore does no harm, and it does some direct good. That is to say, it does correct some mistakes of individual magistrates. The proportion of bills thrown out is commonly small compared with those which are found, and the bills thrown out are often thrown out only on some particular count, leaving the prisoner to be tried on some other count. Still, some bills are thrown out, and Judges and Juries are thus saved some needless labour. The gain is not very great, still there is some gain. The gain is so small that it would not be worth paying a great price for it, but it is quite worth having when it can be had for nothing. That is to say, the amount of labour saved to the Court by the Grand Jury would not be worth saving if the attendance of the Grand Jurors imposed either any serious cost on the public or any serious inconvenience on themselves. But, as it is, their attendance involves no cost to the public and no great inconvenience to themselves. They serve for nothing and they serve willingly. It is only "metropolitan" Grand Juries who make presentments to say that they find themselves of no use. However small, then, may be the direct good done by a Grand Jury, it is a good which is perfectly gratuitous, and which therefore is not to be rejected.

The indirect benefits of a Grand Jury are very evident, and they are quite reason enough for keeping up the institution. It is one of those cases where a system works well incidentally, and effects good results which were not at all thought of by its founders.

Even their use as objects for the Judge's charge is something. The charge is a feature of the Assizes which it would be a real loss to go without, and if there were no Grand Jury it is hard to see to whom such a charge could be addressed. But the real gain lies deeper. It is a great thing to give those who have the main share in administering the smaller justice some share in administering the higher. It is a great thing to bring local and national authorities face to face and to make them fellow-workers for one object. It is a great thing to show a county at large that its immediate rulers are at once something and not everything. It is worth some trouble to put the local grandee in a position where he encounters a superior—a superior who treats him with every respect, but who is still unmistakably a superior. And it is something to add another to the opportunities of making men, perhaps living remote from one another, possibly of different pursuits and different politics, spend some time together in working for an object which their differences in other matters do not affect. All these objects the Grand Jury compasses better than they could be compassed in any other way. The attendance of a considerable body of magistrates at the Assizes is desirable on many grounds, and in no other way can the attendance of such a body be so conveniently brought about. The roll of magistrates, as magistrates, is indeed called over in Court, but magistrates, as magistrates, have nothing to do there. Doubtless at an Assize some magistrates come who are not on the Grand Jury. But if the Grand Jury did not form a nucleus, probably none would come who were not brought by business of their own.

The Grand Jury at Quarter-Sessions answers purposes which are analogous, though not exactly the same. If a Chairman of Quarter-Sessions is at all fit for his post, his harangue about things in general is a ceremony worth going through, and the existence of the Grand Jury gives him the opportunity of putting many things into it which could not be so easily said directly to his brethren on the bench. What is more important, the Quarter-Sessions Grand Jury gives the great Jury principle a further development, by calling yet another class, intermediate between the Grand and the Petty Jury at the Assizes, to have their share also in the administration of justice. The somewhat oligarchic character of the Court is tempered by the admission of another element, and—what does not occur in an Assize Grand Jury—the conduct of the committing magistrates is overhauled, not by members of their own order, but by strangers to it. Others of the indirect advantages are common to both Sessions and Assizes. Altogether, whether King Æthelred did devise the Grand Jury or not, it is certain that, anomalous as the institution looks at first sight, its indirect results would reflect credit on wiser lawgivers than the Unready King.

MODERN CONFIDANTES.

IF Queen Charlotte, of snuff-taking memory, should revisit the glimpses of the moon, she would see and hear much to make her venerable hair stand on end. She would stare in mute horror at a pork-pie hat, and shudder at the slang which now-a-days slips so naturally from the lips of sweet seventeen. But what would astonish her most, what would appear to her to amount to little less than a social revolution, would be the total disappearance of that element of distance and reserve which marked the relations between young persons of opposite sex in her young days. The theory of a young lady's position is so altered that her grandmother would not recognise it for the same which she herself once occupied in all the glory of a highly frizzled head and a preternaturally shortened waist. She was regarded and treated much as a tender lamb in the near vicinity of wolves. The approaches to the fold were strictly guarded. A duenna, clothed with despotic powers, warned off male marauders. This lamb-and-wolf theory is quite exploded. Young ladies are no longer lamb-like in anything, except it be in the sportive agility with which they frisk over the barriers of etiquette. Nor is the male sex credited now-a-days with the wolfish propensities with which a prudish generation invested it. A better understanding exists between the young people of the two sexes. They mix with each other much more, and know each other much more intimately. The wall of partition which used to divide them is thrown down. The pervading tone of their common every-day relations is no longer one of stiffness and formality, but of boyish frankness and easy familiarity. For good or for evil, young-ladydom has abandoned its old attitude towards the other sex, of armed observation. For good or for evil, it has been driven by the pressure of its matrimonial exigencies to emancipate itself from the thralldom of old-fashioned notions of propriety. It has quitted the old defences, and goes forth now-a-days to encounter man, as diplomatists say, "on its own responsibility."

One of the most indisputable canons of the ancient salon was that a young lady's friendships must be strictly limited to her own sex. Her overflowing sympathies gushed in one uniform channel. They expended themselves invariably on another being, as interesting, as impulsive, as romantic as herself. Clarissa opened her whole soul to Evelina; Evelina shared every secret of her virgin heart with Clarissa. But both would have given vent to a little scream at the notion of sharing Florio's or Eugenio's confidences. Our modern Clarissas are not so squeamish. They show an unmistakable eagerness to constitute themselves the recipients of those minor confidences which the young and handsome part of the male sex can easily be brought to impart. In

every drawing-room they erect their confessional, and invite moustached penitents to unburden their bosoms. No one need fear any severe penance. Absolution is freely extended to the good-looking sinner. There is no harm in the growth of female influence so exercised; on the contrary, much good. It is a great advantage to any young man to have his conscience directed by a pretty young lady. What a debt of gratitude he owes to the fair Mentor who will with promptness give him advice about everything, from the choice of a profession to the choice of a neck-tie! There is something inexpressibly soothing in nestling into a settee by the side of an amiable directress, and pouring forth into her private ear a long catalogue of petty grievances. The stinginess of a heavy father becomes more endurable when its recital has evoked the commiseration of such a listener. The persecutions of duns are borne with more philosophy after they have awakened an interest in a gentle bosom made sympathetic by the recollection of a long-outstanding milliner's bill. It is a sad proof of the materialism of the age we live in that so much of the intimate communications between young gentlemen of a confiding turn and young ladies of an amiably inquisitive turn should relate, as they undoubtedly do, to pounds, shillings, and pence. But besides his debts and Derby losses there are other matters which an ingenuous youth freely communicates to his lady-confessor. The circumstances of his home are a favourite topic. The good and bad qualities of his sisters are gently criticized. He wishes his fair listener knew one of them, is not so sure that she would get on with another, is certain a third would never suit her. Then it is a relief to be able to express his private opinion about the various persons of his acquaintance. There are the fellows he can't stand in his office or regiment, and the fellows he not only can stand, but pronounces capital—the young ladies whom he admires, and the young ladies whom he doesn't admire, and the young ladies in whom he can't see what other people admire. Sometimes his confessions take a more serious turn, and he depicts himself in ugly colours, making himself out much worse than he really is, for the pleasure of receiving a bewitching little lecture on the state of his soul. Having listened with an air of the liveliest concern to all he has to say, his companion assumes the function of a monitress, looks prettily grave or tenderly remonstrant as occasion may require, throws out a rosy sketch of Christian obligation, says that it is all so sad, that she knows that feeling so well, wonders naïvely if he has ever felt this, murmurs a line of Tennyson, and, after engaging him to assist at her stall in the approaching Bazaar for the Distressed Dancing-masters, goes off to dress for dinner.

There are two kinds of young-lady confidante. One adopts this line with a definite object in view—as a means to an end, that end being matrimony. Like a skilful general, convinced that the enemy's position is impregnable in front, she seeks to vanquish him by an adroit flank movement. Overpowering beauty, overpowering cleverness, overpowering fortune are, in their way, like the *gros bataillons* by which Napoleon swept all before him. A woman who commands such mighty weapons for enslaving the heart of man is irresistible. But one who has them not, or has them in a less degree, cannot expect the same easy triumph. To gain her point she must often have recourse to manoeuvre. And no manoeuvre is more congenial to the female strategist than that of gradually but surely possessing herself of all the avenues to a man's tastes and predilections. This is what she is quietly doing while he waxes confidential. She is taking the measure of his intellect, noting his likes and dislikes, observing his habits, his hobbies, his weaknesses, reconnoitring his most accessible side. The result of this study of character is treasured up for future use. Supposing him to have revealed in an unguarded moment a passion for botany, she will surprise and delight him one fine day by giving a wild flower some alarmingly scientific name. If he is fond of field sports, she will secretly take in the *Field*, and astonish his weak mind by her knowledge of natural history. If politics are his chief interest, she listens again and again with unflagging interest to his *résumé* of the state of parties, and his view of the Schleswig-Holstein question; and when she has made out on which side his sympathies lie in the American struggle, loudly proclaims her own adhesion thereto. With the votary of art she adores art. With the pre-Raffaellite she is pre-Raffaellite, and lays aside her crinoline, heroically sacrificing her love of the Fashionable to her sense of the Beautiful. With an enthusiast for Gothic she is all for Gothic, and, as a proof of the perfect conformity of her own tastes with his, she manages to give a Gothic bend to her last new bonnet. Music, if her friend avows a passion for music, she declares a necessity of her being. All this delicate flattery tells. It gratifies the self-esteem which characterizes the lords of creation. But it is not by operating on this sentiment that she hopes to succeed. She speculates on the chance of making herself indispensable. Some day, she thinks, the object of her ambition will suddenly awake to the consciousness that he cannot do better than make a lady who understands him so well his wife. He will say, Here is a person to whom I have told everything, from whom I have no secrets, who knows my tastes and shares them, whose sympathies exactly coincide with mine; where can I possibly find a woman better calculated to make me happy? He will perceive at last that years of unreserved confidence have completely mined his position as a bachelor, that it is no longer tenable, and that he must instantly decamp or capitulate. Whether the latter alternative is adopted depends mainly on the lady herself—on her firmness in forcing matters to a crisis, and her tact in making that crisis take

a direction favourable to her wishes. If she fail in either of those qualities, success will never crown her efforts, however her pertinacity may deserve it. Her fate will be to be involved for an indefinite term in a long, dreary, aimless, damaging flirtation, which perishes at last of disgust and inanition.

There is a second and more numerous class of young ladies who assume the character of confidante with no matrimonial aspirations, but simply as a profession. They invite, not one, but the many, to confide in them. They go from house to house, accumulating family history. Their function in society is to be a sort of moveable ear, into which any one who likes may breathe a secret, with the full assurance that it will not remain a secret long. They are not like the *Lady of Quality*, going about note-book in hand, to pick up matter for a future autobiography. Nor are they mere vulgar gossip-mongers. Nor do they thrive by making mischief, though a cynic might think them what Lord Westbury calls "harmlessly busy." They exist to listen—to throw themselves in a caressing attitude on a low stool by the side of dearest Violet or Blanche, and let her talk on—or to adopt a posture more consonant to maidenly decorum, but to listen no less attentively, if the communication proceed from the lips of the male sex. They never exhibit curiosity, and indeed feel it in a mild and chastened form only, taking the line they do from a quiet semi-religious conviction that it is their mission in life to make people more comfortable by hearing what they have to say. They are to be found wherever the materials for a confidence exist, but nowhere are they more in request than at the houses of *ci-devant* young-lady friends who have married and settled. It is always pleasant to see a young creature happy, but young ladies not married or settled themselves might be excused for not caring to encounter the first flood of bridal prattle or the important airs of a young mother. The professional confidante feels no such disinclination. It is her business to listen to anything in the shape of a disclosure, whether it concerns the baby's teeth or the baby's papa. Then, young husbands sometimes get worried, and young wives snappish, and a little tiff ensues. In such cases the confidante has a busy time of it. First, she is taken aside to be told, in the strictest confidence of course, how unkindly one party has behaved, and how unreasonable the other is; later, to listen to a recantation of both those statements; lastly, to hear from the lady's lips that her husband is perfection, and from the gentleman that he has married an angel. Her position is not unlike that in which the hero of a farce is sometimes placed, when a series of strange visitors pop in their heads, first on this side and then on that, say something mysterious, and exeunt with a slam. She is a favourite guest at the houses she visits, and on a footing quite sisterly with the husbands and brothers of her female friends. This might involve danger to her peace of mind if her relation to society were less clearly understood. Falling in love is, with her, utterly out of the question. She knows her position too well to dream of it. Like the lady at the Polytechnic, she is warranted unflammable. It is this quality which makes her so popular with men. Their high mightinesses feel so completely at their ease with her—call her a girl with no humbug about her—chaff, patronize, and confide in her *ad libitum*, without the possibility of being misunderstood, or creating expectations never to be fulfilled. This mental serenity on the part of the lady is the result, not of natural coldness, but of thirty years' experience of the hollowness of life. It is usually developed after a disappointment in love, and the regulation brain-fever consequent thereupon. From that crisis differently constituted young ladies emerge with different resolutions. One takes to philanthropy, another to novel-writing, a third settles into sullen gloom; while the wounded fawn, whose disposition is naturally sociable, who has many friends and no very assured future, is as likely as not to reappear in the character of a sympathizer-general, and listener-ordinary to the joys, sorrows, and trivialities of the human race—that welcome parasite of the English country-house. The only point which contrasts with the calm and passionless tone of her mind is her bodily restlessness. Her severest critic could say no more than that she itinerates a little too promiscuously, and sacrifices somewhat of her own dignity by putting herself at the beck and call of every acquaintance.

This assumption on the part of young ladies, still presumably under the wing of mothers and chaperons, in their daily intercourse with the other sex, of one of the chief privileges of familiar friendship, appears to us a sign of the times worth noting. Taken in connexion with other straws, which show nevertheless how the wind blows, it is a step towards the introduction of that greater laxity of manners which prevails on the other side of the Atlantic, where it is nothing strange for a young girl to accept a seat in the carriage or sledge of a comparative stranger, and enjoy an exhilarating *tête-à-tête* by his side. No sensible person regrets that the absurd and exaggerated restrictions of a nastily-nice generation should have passed away. It does not follow, however, that we want our manners Americanized. *Honi soit qui mal y pense* may be pushed too far. It is pushed too far when it is held to justify any departure from that maidenly reserve which is the principal charm of girlhood. The popular young lady "with no nonsense about her," who owns her preference for men's society, and is perpetually striving to mix herself up in their affairs, with her numerous male correspondents and her universally-circulated *carte de visite*, may please in certain quarters, but they are not the quarters in which a refined taste would desire to please. Even the gush and silliness of the Rosa Matilda type, living in a little feminine world of her own, is in

nately preferable. Among the many reasons given for the growing indisposition on the part of young men to marry, and which has been variously attributed to the luxury of clubs, the scheming of mothers, and the inability of ladies to dress economically, there is one which has been forgotten. Matrimony was often the result of a desire for female sympathy which could not otherwise be obtained. This inducement has no longer the same force. Any amount of female sympathy is now to be had for the asking, and without the preliminary of marriage. A young man can place his admiration of the fair sex, as it were, in commission, instead of concentrating it on a single object; and so long as his lady friends are so accommodating as to allow this, he does not care to marry.

SAINT NAPOLEON.

AS in ancient Rome the slaves were once a year permitted to indulge in the harmless fancy that they were freemen, so one day is annually set apart for the Parisians to remember that they are loyal. During the rest of the year they rejoice in a serene contemplation of their political liberalism and intellectual *spiritualité*, but when the Ides of August approach, they begin to reflect that two days afterwards it will be their duty to go mad in glorification of the only Saint whose worship in the least troubles the devotional instincts of a Frenchman. Lest they should forget or miscalculate the date of his festival, hundreds of men and women, such as in London permeate the streets with illuminated hats announcing less obtrusive exhibitions, arrest the attention of the *fâneur* on the Boulevards, by thrusting into his hand a broadside bearing the flaming inscription of *La Saint-Napoléon, Chanson Nationale*. This, in a certain sense, undoubtedly inspired anthem commences in the following strain:—

Quels chants d'amour! quel concert d'allégresse!
Ciel! qu'ai-je lu sur le calendrier?
C'est le Quinze Août, chacun alors s'empresse
De désertir le bureau, l'atelier.
A nos plaisirs marient sa clémence,
Un beau soleil plane sur l'horizon;
Du haut des cieux Dieu protège la France,
C'est aujourd'hui la Saint-Napoléon.

But when once the blessed morning has broken, and the fair sun commenced to shine distressingly, as per advertisement, there is little need of the invocations of the bard to remind the unhappy visitor that the Emperor's *fête* has broken loose. At six o'clock A.M. he is startled from his couch by a salvo of guns, which announces the day of *Panis et Circenses*. The *Panis* is distributed in its natural form to the poor, and in that of wine to the legions whom their master not unnaturally delights to honour. At noon *Te Deums* are chanted in all the churches in honour of the maker of the new Boulevards, and then the *Fête du Jour* commences. The theatres vie with each other in receiving the Emperor's "orders," everything but his free-list being on this occasion entirely suspended. "The freedom of the theatres"—which is in everybody's mouth at Paris, and has furnished the Variétés with a subject for as diverting a farrago of nonsense as has ever graced its boards—to-day becomes a reality on one side of the curtain at least. Strange to say, the most popular of the gratis representations, all of which are given at one o'clock in the day, is that of *Esther*, at the Théâtre Français. Did Racine, when he composed his most unobjectionable morality for the benefit of the prim young ladies of St. Cyr, dream of its being represented on a hot August morning before a couple of thousand of Paris workmen? Not all of these and their ladies, however, can sit at the feet of the strictly legitimate Muse. Melpomene is hard run by the frowsiest of Terpsichores. The glories of the Empire are celebrated by hundreds of devotees in tights, and all the funambulists of the world seem to be standing on their heads before the Hôtel of the Invalides. Military spectacles recall the glories of the Mexican war which has brought so much profit to France, and the horrors of the Polish rebellion with which she so effectively sympathized. A large proportion of the dusty crowd betakes itself to the enjoyment of those swings and roundabouts without which no Frenchman or Frenchwoman appears, even on soberer days, to be able to realize perfect enjoyment. Hardy adventurers climb to the top of greased poles in order to descend covered with glory, and a spoon of Britannia metal in their mouth. The million is nearly drunk with delight and lemonade when it remembers that the best exhibition of the day is yet to come, and hurries off to behold its own Elect, with the hope of his dynasty on his august knees, and the arbitress of fashion by his august side, condescendingly drive through the crowd. It is then that the omnipresent reporter of the *Moniteur* observes those cheers which seem never to end, and takes note of the intelligence with which the heir of the safest of thrones appropriates to himself his share in the popular enthusiasm.

In the evening commences a part of the *fête* the glories of which are indeed far from new to the frequenters of Cremorne or the *Château des Fleurs*, but which is certainly one of those things which are managed superlatively well in France. Five hundred thousand lamps (more or less) recall, as Mr. E. T. Smith would say, the nights of Haroun-Alraschid; yet there is not the least fear that the Sultan himself may be lurking amidst the crowd, with his bowstring in his pocket, in the disguise of a Turkish or Cochinchina merchant. For there he stands himself, on a balcony of the Tuileries, with the same sweet smile and the same cold lacklustre eyes, gazing down upon the people whose enthu-

siasm once more surpasses anything within the recollection of the oldest reporter on the *Moniteur's* staff. Nothing could tear his subjects away from the contemplation of their chosen one, were it not that the fireworks, a species of exhibition most perfectly adapted to the satisfaction of the French idiosyncrasy, are about to commence on the *Champ de Mars*. Long may the Emperor live who can afford such pyrotechnic displays, which end, of course, in a magnificent Mexican temple, just as the central glory of the illuminations consists in an architectural blaze round the obelisk which, as the attendant warriors inform the spectator, also represents a Mexican reminiscence. Who can doubt that it was worth fighting for Jecker's bonds when so many *motifs* for an Imperial *fête* could be obtained in the liberated land in question? It is with such a feeling that the crowds continue to walk up and down the flaming streets till any hour in the morning, casually exclaiming "Vive l'Empereur!" as who should say "Is it not jolly?" and not going to bed till loyalty is upon its very last legs. Whether it is loyalty which induces large bodies of youths and maidens to repair once more to the Invalides, and under its shadow dance the national dance of France without the accustomed supervision of an officially chaste *sergent de ville*, is scarcely within the province of the most intelligent of foreign visitors to determine.

And thus the St. Napoleon is once more over, and the British traveller—to whom a comparison naturally suggests itself with his own national holiday, the St. Derby—asks himself whether he has really been assisting at a great festival of a people and a city which love to call themselves the most *spirituel* in the world. He feels sure that the correspondents of the London journals who condescend to notice the annual return of the day will point out that not a single case of drunkenness was noticed during its course. He confirms the fact from the limited range of his personal experience, and draws the inference that a French mob can be rendered utterly inane without the stimulants which many of their British brethren on such occasions imperatively demand. It is idle to attempt to draw inferences as to the sentiments of a people from the fact of its being so very easily amused on one day in the year. But three hundred and sixty-four days remain; and it is during these that some sections at least of the population reflect on the question whether bread, shows, and Mexican glories suffice for the wants of a nation daily growing in intelligence, and to which the taste of liberty is not a wholly unaccustomed one. It is on some of these that it may occur to such inopportune thinkers that, while it may be very well for a couple of millions or so to hold an "authorized" assemblage in the streets on the 15th of August, it seems hard that a heavy fine should have been inflicted only a day or two before on certain persons who had ventured to hold an "unauthorized" meeting of rather more than twenty in a private house. Meanwhile, the game goes on merrily enough, and is certainly worth the candles and lamps that were lit for it on the Emperor's *fête* day. On this occasion three new boulevards were incidentally "inaugurated." Soon Paris will be all boulevards, and of course infinitely better adapted than even now for illuminations—and infinitely worse for barricades. It will no longer be necessary, as it was this year, to issue instructions to the authorities that the splendour of the *fête* shall everywhere be in accordance with the enthusiastic feelings of the population. The only question is, whether the day may not sooner or later come when it will be found requisite to send forth a general proclamation, somewhat the converse of the former, and to order the civil and military authorities throughout France, and in Paris especially, to take every precaution to ensure the sentiments of the population being in accordance with the aims and existence of the Imperial Government.

A GENEROUS BOARD.

WE have had occasion more than once to speak with more or less severity of the proceedings of Joint-Stock Companies. It is a relief, therefore, to be able to point to one which, though unsuccessful, has not only passed intact through the ordeal of a trial for fraud, but has contrived to illustrate at the same time the singular and almost Quixotic generosity with which Directors of high commercial character know how to treat the unlucky shareholders who have been tempted by their example to embark in an unremunerative venture. The Asphaltum Company (Limited) deserves to enjoy an unlimited measure of fame, for though it only declared a single dividend of 10 per cent., and expired in the effort, it must, in a moral sense, be regarded as a most legitimate success. It is true that the history of its brief existence is mixed up with transactions which at first sight appear to invite criticism; but the plaintiff in the late action of *Bale v. Cleland* will probably be willing to endorse our judgment, that the last appearance of the Directors on the public stage afforded one of the most striking examples that have ever been displayed of the principles on which high-minded promoters act when called to account by a disappointed shareholder. A simple narrative of facts will, we hope, suffice to keep the memory of the Asphaltum Company (Limited) for ever green.

Among the promoters were a Mr. Tripler (with whom, however, we have now no immediate concern), Mr. Cleland, and Mr. Chappell. According to the prospectus, the Company was formed for the purpose of purchasing from Mr. Tripler and others certain mines of asphaltum in the island of Cuba; and it was announced that the Company was possessed of extensive

works at Millwall, which had been for some time in full operation, extracting oil from the products of the mines. The prospectus concluded with what was called a "Statement of weekly expenditure and receipts in the working of fifty stills now in operation at the Company's works, Millwall." Without entering into the details of this statement, it is enough to say that, on the side of outlay, were set down seventy-five tons of asphaltum, that the returns, included among other entries, one of 6,750 gallons of oil, and that the net profit exhibited was very nearly 22 per cent. Mr. Cleland, who had for a time been a Director, was in November, 1860, constituted auditor jointly with a professional accountant, a Mr. Evans; and at the same period a Mr. Gibson was the Secretary of the Company. The establishment of the Company took place in 1860, and in March, 1861, a general meeting was held, at which the balance-sheet up to the 31st of December, 1860, had to be produced. As the Company had been at work during some months of the year 1860, it might naturally be expected to show more or less of profit, and the Secretary was directed to prepare the necessary accounts. Mr. Gibson seems to have been rather dull at figures, for his balance-sheet, instead of a profit, showed a considerable loss. However, a Committee, of which Mr. Cleland, Mr. Chappell, and a Director named Wilson were members, took the matter in hand, and made the Secretary understand the error of his ways. He was told to set down the cost of asphaltum which had been actually bought for 5*l.* per ton at one-half that amount, on the ground that it ought not to have cost more. Other items were dealt with in a similar fashion. Fuel suddenly became much cheaper than it had appeared in the books, and the accounts were greatly simplified by leaving out the outlay on chemicals and wages prior to a certain date. Altogether a few thousands were easily transferred, and the renovated balance-sheet came out with a profit of some 1,200*l.*, the books of course being corrected to fit this more accurate form of the accounts. Although Mr. Gibson obeyed the instructions of his employers, he was still so obstinate as to persist in retaining his own opinion, and carried his perversity so far as to resign shortly after the meeting at which the improved balance-sheet was presented.

The next step, after putting the accounts into shape, was to get them audited by Mr. Evans. This gentleman was another of those wrong-headed servants by whom the most upright and enlightened Directors are occasionally plagued. He contumaciously refused to sign the account, and prepared a fresh balance-sheet of his own, which showed a loss, including preliminary expenses, of more than 9,000*l.* The difference arose thus:—The Directors proceeded in the only way in which a safe balance-sheet can be made, by beginning at the end. Having fixed their profits, they adjusted the items accordingly, and squared the whole account by setting down a suitable sum as preliminary expenses, to be charged against capital instead of profit. Mr. Evans, on the contrary, started from the books, and worked out his result without regard to consequences, and without any special allowance for preliminary expenses. In such a dilemma, there was only one course for the Directors to pursue, and that was to leave the matter to the decision of the shareholders. Their own balance-sheet showed a profit sufficient to justify a dividend of 10 per cent. Mr. Evans would not allow them any profit at all. Clearly it was for the Company to choose the accounts they liked best, and accordingly a distinguished shareholder, Mr. H. B. Sheridan, M.P., who (as he has since stated) knew nothing about the accounts, was asked to propose a 10 per cent. dividend. The Company in general meeting soon settled the difficulty, by voting a convenient sum for preliminary expenses, and carrying the resolution in favour of a dividend of 10 per cent. That Mr. Evans resigned his office was a natural consequence of his unbending obstinacy. Unluckily, it happened that, after (and, as he maintained, on the faith of) the promises of the prospectus and the fruit of the first dividend, a Mr. Bale took a large number of shares in the Company; and, when the concern had come to unmerited disaster and been wound up by the Court of Chancery, he adopted a harsh view of the proceedings of the Directors, charged them with misrepresentation and fraud, and brought an action on this ground to recover damages to the extent of his loss. He insisted that the prospectus was not true; that, instead of fifty stills being at work, the maximum number in any week was thirty-three, and the average much less; that the asphaltum distilled never reached seventy-five tons, the greatest weekly amount being fifty-six, and that no such quantity of oil as was set down in the prospectus was ever produced in a single week. All this was distinctly proved, and both the Secretary and the Auditor gave evidence that there were never any profits made, and that the dividend was, in reality, declared out of capital. It would be unjust to say that it was paid out of capital; for, so nice was the sense of honour of the Directors and the large shareholders, that, even after obtaining a vote of the Company in favour of the dividend, they declined under the circumstances to accept it, and the only payments made were in sums of less than 10*l.* to the smaller shareholders.

Having thus far established his case, it may be imagined that Mr. Bale had made good his charges against the Directors, and entitled himself to all the damages he claimed; but this would be a great mistake. On closer examination, all the apparent blots on the management of the Company were made to disappear at the first suggestion by counsel of the true state of the case. The prospectus, it is true, had contained a statement of outlay and returns,

but it was obvious that the word "statement" could only mean estimate, and that there was nothing very surprising in the fact that the actual working should not have accorded with a prospective estimate. The circumstance that the works had been some time in full operation before the estimate was put forth was, no doubt, one of the awkward peculiarities of the case; but then, although the statement had not been confirmed by past experience, it might be justified at some future time; and how could any Company keep up its reputation if it were not allowed to substitute well-considered estimates for accidental facts? Obviously, there was nothing in the so-called misrepresentation of the prospectus. The point as to the dividend was still clearer. Mr. Sheridan was not a defendant, so it is unnecessary to exculpate him. Besides, he proposed the resolution for a 10 per cent. dividend in entire ignorance whether there were any profits or not, and a man must be as captious as Mr. Gladstone who would ask Mr. Sheridan for any higher justification than this. But even as to the Directors the case was as simple as possible. They were satisfied that the concern ought to produce profits of about 22 per cent. If the books showed a loss, so much the worse for the books. Naturally, the first few months' working would be more costly in every way than after the business was got into a better train. Materials would cost more than they ought, labour would be wasted in ignorance or in experiments, and all these incidental losses at the outset of a speculation ought, of course, to be charged to capital as preliminary expenses. Thus, if they had paid 5*l.* instead of 2*l.* 10*s.* for a ton of asphaltum, the difference was fairly chargeable to preliminary ignorance. If the yield of oil was less than it should have been, preliminary defects in the quality of the raw material were obviously the cause; and accordingly the alterations that were made in the accounts rendered them equally pleasant and, at any rate, subjectively, true. It must be owned that this kind of reasoning is open to abuse, and that it does seem to leave it optional with Directors to carry any amount of loss they please to the account of capital. But, then, what was to be done? Confessedly, no one could say what the genuine preliminary expenses were; and in such a case, if the Directors, backed by a general meeting, are not at liberty to fix them at a lump sum and prune the other items accordingly, who is? This, at any rate, is what was done; and if Mr. Bale chose to consider that a statement appended to a prospectus was really a statement and not an estimate, and that a dividend of 10 per cent. meant that that amount had been actually earned, surely he deserved to suffer for his ignorance of the management of Companies. The Directors knew that the statement was in accordance with what ought to have happened, and the dividend with what ought to have been earned, and they were therefore prepared with a conclusive answer to Mr. Bale's accusation.

But here comes the singular part of the story. If Mr. Bale did not prove fraud, he must inevitably lose his case, for, as Mr. Baron Martin observed, the claim rested on a count for fraud, and nothing else; and the difficulty with the defendants was, how to reconcile their complete refutation of the plaintiff's charges with their desire to give him a *solutum* for the loss he had undergone. They could not bear to see the plaintiff nonsuited, hostile as his demeanour had been, and at last a compromise was agreed upon, which brings into a very strong light the commercial purity and disinterested magnanimity of these Directors. Strictly speaking, some of the defendants are scarcely entitled to be included in our praise, for it seems that they had not joined the Board at the time when the plaintiff was, as he alleged, misled. But even these gentlemen found an opportunity for very handsome conduct. The plaintiff being compelled to abandon his case against them, they nobly refused to accept payment of their costs, and prepared to sacrifice a considerable sum of money rather than add to the misfortunes of their adversary. The other defendants went even further. It appeared that nothing less than the full amount of his loss would satisfy the plaintiff, or induce him to abstain from pressing on a jury the hopeless case which he had made against Directors of the highest possible repute. If they held out, the plaintiff, who had already suffered so much, would bring still more serious loss upon himself. The defendants were too considerate to permit the catastrophe. With them it was a matter, not of money but of character, and if the plaintiff would only withdraw the charge of fraud, they would pay him all the money of which he said he had been defrauded, all the costs of his mistaken proceedings, and give him besides an indemnity against any further liability as a shareholder of the Company. Such generosity from men indignant at a false and scandalous accusation is not often met with, and it was followed by its appropriate reward. Mr. Bale's counsel accepted the terms, withdrew the charge of fraud, and the defendants left the Court, happy in the consciousness of having practised the Christian virtue of doing good to one who had despitely used them. If all Directors were like those of the Asphaltum Company (Limited), it would be a real pleasure to be a shareholder even in the most disastrous undertaking.

THE HOWDEN HORSE-SHOW.

IT has been shown, in the *Edinburgh Review*, that complaints of deterioration in the English breed of horses have prevailed formerly as well as now. During about two centuries there have always been persons who looked back with regret to some

model of equine perfection which they supposed to have existed at a period anterior to that which they had under their own eyes. It appears reasonable to conclude that the golden age which thus eludes historical research never had any other than an imaginary existence. The result of careful inquiry seems to be that the present state of things is tolerably satisfactory. Although there are many bad English horses, there are some quite equal, and perhaps superior, to any that this country ever saw before. The complaints of deterioration are unfounded, and the proposed remedy of an infusion of Eastern blood has been proved by sufficient trials to be illusory. It is curious to notice that at a time when the English breed of horses was certainly capable of receiving, and did receive, benefit from this source, there was a disposition to believe that exactly the opposite effect was being produced. The *Edinburgh Review* quotes a complaint of the year 1739, that "our noble breed of horses is now enervated by an intermixture with Turks, Barbs, and Arabians," which seem to have been regarded by the admirers of unadulterated English stock just as Frenchmen, and their manners and customs, were commonly regarded by ignorant and prejudiced Englishmen about the same time. The complaints lately urged in the House of Commons and elsewhere have been well answered by the article above referred to, and, if the writer has good ground for his statement that our cavalry and artillery were never so well mounted as they are at present, it must be allowed that one of the most important aims of English horse-breeding has been completely attained. It would follow, too, that there has been improvement, or at least no falling off, in some of the largest classes of English horses; for, as we learn from a competent authority in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, farmers do not in general breed purposely for the army. "Their aim is to breed a carriage-horse or a hunter; but, as their good intentions are not always realized, they sometimes fall back upon the cavalry or horse-artillery." If, therefore, the class of horses for military purposes has improved, it seems an *à fortiori* consequence that the classes of carriage-horses and hunters have improved also.

The recent discussion of this subject naturally attracted special notice to what would have been otherwise well worthy of attention—namely, the show of horses lately held at Howden, under the management of the Yorkshire Agricultural Society. This Society was founded about thirty years ago, by gentlemen who were actuated, no doubt, by patriotism, as well as by a laudable desire to increase the value of their estates and improve their rent-rolls. The small market-town of Howden, in the East Riding, is little known except to two widely-different classes—namely, dealers in horses and students of church architecture. It may be conjectured that Howden Fair is not so old as Howden Church, but the usages of the former are almost as enduring as the masonry of the latter. Strangers from many lands have visited this fair, and its world-wide reputation ensured the success of a Horse-Show held upon the same site. The managers of the Show would of course own the influence of modern ideas of comfort and convenience to which the managers of the Fair—if there were any—would certainly be insensible. The notion of accommodating the public never seems to enter the mind of any townsman of Howden during the busy week of the greatest horse-fair in England, and indeed it must be owned that the public, unless they come as buyers of horses, had better stay away, seeing that there is no room for them. But a horse-show would be nothing without spectators, and therefore on this occasion the public were invited to come to Howden, and suitable arrangements were made for their accommodation.

The Show contained 320 horses, being more by 100 than had been brought together at any previous exhibition of the same Society, and in quality as well as in quantity this year's display was satisfactory. The prize for the best thorough-bred stallion for hunters brought out only ten competitors, and it is but fair to confess that they were a moderate lot. This, however, is not surprising; for the thorough-bred stallion that can get the best hunters will generally get the best race-horses also, and he ranks rather too high in his profession to attend country meetings. The class of stallions might, however, have pleased those authorities who contend that prizes at these shows ought not to be given to horses which are beyond the farmer's means. Mr. Dickinson has said, in his letter to the Speaker of the House of Commons—

It is not a winner of the Derby or St. Leger—a horse that will never be taken from his own stable door—that should come to an agricultural show, exhibit himself there, and walk off with the prize; but it is a good strong thorough-bred country stallion that is available for the use of the ordinary mares of the country.

It would be a great injustice to Mr. Dickinson to represent him as meaning to say that the second or third best horse in a show ought to take the first prize; but it is certainly difficult to understand on what principle he desires judges to proceed. However, at Howden there was no winner of Derby or St. Leger to compete. General Williams, who gained the first prize, is a neat useful little horse, whose sire, Womersley, was bought by the French, and whose kindred have carried valuable prizes across the Channel. Antwerp, by The Flying Dutchman, took the second prize. His looks told unmistakably of his parentage. He is handsome, and seems sound; but he is built on too high a leg to be the sire of weight-carriers. Rapparee, by Ratanplan, sent from the Rawcliffe Paddocks, looked more like wear and tear, but he is an awkward-looking horse; at least the judges thought so, some private individuals venturing to differ from them. It could hardly be expected that the best class of thorough-bred stallions

would be sent into a country place to compete for a small prize, and perhaps the immediate neighbourhood of Howden may be considered lucky in the propinquity of so many fairly good and certainly well-bred horses. Some, however, among them are rank impostors; and though they are shown time after time, and never receive the least notice from the judges, yet because they are in the neighbourhood, and their services are to be had cheap, farmers who are not "real breeders" will employ them and then complain that horse-breeding does not pay. These are mostly thorough-bred horses who either have broken down in their attempts at training, or were so evidently useless that no attempt was ever made to train them at all. With years and flesh they grow into very imposing-looking animals, and perhaps prove profitable to their owners; they are ruinous, however, to the man who employs them, and utterly destructive to the general character of the horses in their neighbourhood. And this leads to the consideration of another grievance. Of late years there has sprung up a great demand for large showy carriage-horses, for London use, in which real goodness is as nothing compared with a high crest and a whole colour. The Cleveland Bays were the first type of this sort of horse, but in later times the original stock has been so grafted upon by the weeds above-mentioned that but little remains of the qualities which once distinguished it. Size and colour are now considered all that is requisite to set off a gilt harness and varnished carriage. But this class of horse is remunerative to the farmer, and so he looks for colour instead of quality. A 16-hand three-year-old, with black points and a high-set head, will always fetch from 60*l.* to 100*l.*, though the dealer who buys him knows that for work of any sort he is not worth 5*l.* And so we see, in the London streets weak-legged, slab-sided cripples, encased in gorgeous harness, and strangled by bearing reins, till it is difficult to believe that a good horse can be obtained in England at all.

No exception, however, could be taken to the looks of Prince Arthur, who gained the first prize for coaching stallions. A deep 16-hand bay, with black points, he looked too good for harness. A far more useful stamp was to be seen in the nag horses. Unlike the coach-horse, the nag does not attempt to ape his superiors, the race-horses and hunters. He relies on his own powers of endurance, his fine action, deep shoulder exactly fitted for the collar, short muscular legs, and general aptitude for road work. In the case of the nag, too, blood and shape are considered before colour. A white foot or forehead, a touch of roan or grey, does not disfigure the nag, about whom the old adage still holds, that no good horse can be of a bad colour. The best of the lot on the ground was old "All Fours," so called because all his legs are white; otherwise he is bright bay. He has taken so many prizes before, that he was not allowed to compete for the prize at Howden; but he appeared on the ground, with a great necklace of medals won at different meetings, in a sort of ex-champion capacity.

The real working hunters were a class by themselves, and about seventy of the finest horses ever seen competed for it. Sir Robert Peel, a close-knit, short-legged chestnut, with some white about him, full of quality and up to great weight, took the prize as the best "five-year-old hunter, warranted sound, and to possess not less than three crosses of pure blood." This horse, though owned in Yorkshire, was said to have been bred in Ireland. The great 16 hands 1 inch Beechwood, who took the first prize for hunters at Islington, also took a prize here as the best hunter of six years old and upwards. Beechwood is no mere show horse, as he has been hunted regularly for the last three seasons, and "he never has anything but a snaffle in his mouth," his owner remarked, patting him fondly. Overplus, also a Yorkshire horse and the rival of Beechwood at Islington, was not present. 600*l.* tempted his owner, and the horse has gone to Austria for, as is said, the Emperor's own riding. Another grand dark brown horse of the same stamp was called Charley. His groom said—"Our master offered him for 250*l.* They mun give 300*l.* for him now, and if they wait till the hunting season it will be 400*l.*; but we can win a steeple-chase or two with him if we don't sell him." Hackneys and hunters of different stamps were shown in abundance, and, with scarcely an exception, good. In strong contrast to this high-bred class were the "horses for agricultural purposes," whose general appearance resembled that of the dray-horses which are tolerably familiar to all Londoners. Lancashire, the prize horse of the class, was thus noted on the spot—"Six years old, dark brown, four white feet, 17½ hands high, good sloping shoulder, and game intelligent head." The ponies, too, deserve notice, and King Pippin, well known with the Badsworth, who took the first prize, changed hands at a high figure on the spot. A more perfect horse in miniature was never seen.

Such a Horse-show as was held at Howden is satisfactory to those who did not require to be satisfied; but it would appear, from Mr. Dickinson's recent letter to the *Times*, that neither the Show at Islington nor that of the Royal Agricultural Society at Newcastle was satisfactory to him, and therefore it would be unreasonable to expect him to commend the horses exhibited at Howden. Mr. Dickinson quotes, in support of his own opinion that English horses have deteriorated since 1815, the opinion of a person who, if possible, knows more of this subject than even Mr. Dickinson himself—namely, Mr. John Scott, of Whitewall House, Malton. Without presuming to argue against such authorities, it may be allowable to remark that Mr. Dickinson, like other writers in the same strain, is least convincing when he comes to details. He tells us that Harkaway won the Goodwood Cup, in 1839, in 4*m.* 58*s.*, and that Isoline, in 1853, took

5m. 7s., and he asks—"Do these records show that the speed is increased? Certainly not; just the reverse." Now, if Mr. Dickinson is right in concluding that the speed of race-horses has decreased since 1839, it is surely reasonable to expect that the records of the Derby would show some falling-off in pace. But anybody who will refer to a Turf Guide will find that the time in which the Derby was run is given for every year since 1846, and the following are some of the most important figures:—

		Time
Pyrrhus the First	1846	2 55
Blink Bonny	1857	2 45
Kettledrum	1861	2 43
Blair Athol	1864	2 45

Kettledrum's performance was the fastest since 1846, but it is fair to state that the horses started within the distance. The next two fastest performances have been those of Blink Bonny and her son. We should think it very unreasonable to argue against Mr. Dickinson, from these figures, that the speed of race-horses has increased since 1846, but they surely afford some ground for satisfaction with things as they are.

REVIEWS.

POLISH EXPERIENCES.*

LITTLE by little we are beginning to learn something of Poland, and to apprehend dimly what has been the true history of the rising now blotted out in blood and misery. But it is very difficult to understand Poland, for it is a country totally unlike anything we are acquainted with, and the political interest attached to it leads us into those vast and vague speculations about Eastern Europe, and the Teutonic and Slavonic races, where few Englishmen will be bold enough to say they feel themselves at home. Nor is it easy to regard even this recent insurrection as a whole, and to see accurately what were the motives, the objects, and the chances of the insurgents. All civil war spread over a large area is necessarily difficult for a foreigner to understand, and this is especially the case in a country so wild and so thinly peopled as Poland, and where every one whom the curious traveller falls in with speaks a strange tongue and is marked by alien tastes and habits. Nor, until we have read the narrative of an honest traveller, is it easy to realize how very little of anything a single foreigner can see when he plunges into the midst of a guerilla warfare. Few travellers have ever shown themselves more accurate, and simple, and honest than Mr. Bullock; and as no one can doubt that he is an enterprising, courageous, and intelligent man, his book may be taken as an excellent illustration of what a traveller really does see when he visits such a scene as that of the Polish insurrection. Practically, it comes to this. The traveller rides out of a border town into a wet fir-wood. It rains heavily, and he falls in with some insurgents, with whom he fraternizes. They all ride through the wet fir-wood till they come to some more insurgents; and then they bivouack, and then there is an alarm, and then they eat black bread and partake of the soup of the country, the fumes of which are very grateful, &c. &c.; and after a little while there is a skirmish, and the bullets whistle through the wet fir-branches, and the insurgents disperse, and the traveller makes off through the mud, and has to duck under the dripping boughs, and his horse stumbles, and he ultimately gets back to some sort of precarious dinner. It must be delightful to a man who has gone persistently through adventures of this kind to get back to the tamer but safer adventures of his native island—to a Scotch moor, for example, where he shoots as little or as much as he likes, and goes through that delightful sort of training which consists in heightening the pleasure of a good heavy dinner by breaking vows of moderation, and where the sudden failure of a cook is justly regarded as the most serious of calamities. The great charm of Mr. Bullock's book is its conspicuous veracity. He never makes the best of his situation. If he is in a wet fir-wood and sees nothing, he says so. When he is present at an engagement in a corn-field, he honestly records that, in the first place, it was very unpleasant, and that, in the next place, he could see nothing on account of the corn being too high. And yet he did all that any traveller could have done. No one could have been bolder or more indefatigable. The way in which he used to ride about in those desolate wet woods, all by himself, executing the most dangerous commissions for insurgent leaders, and exposed every moment to the risk of being killed in a quarrel with which he had no concern and in which he was taking no active part, is enough to make the reader uncomfortable, even though he knows that the writer has come home safe and well. However, this is the sort of amusement which clever and courageous young Englishmen delight in. And if so, let them enjoy it. They are more than welcome to their gloomy rides through the wet fir-woods; for these rambles amuse the travellers while they are going on, and it entertains us to hear of them when they are over.

Throughout the whole account of that portion of the insurrection which Mr. Bullock personally saw, we are oppressed with a sense of its utter and absolute hopelessness. The greater part of his time was spent in Galicia and on the Galician border, for at

first the Austrians were not very stringent in their opposition, and Cracow was one of the great centres of the movement. Afterwards, when Austria saw that England and France were not going to fight, she changed her course, and every germ of disaffection was sternly crushed out. Mr. Bullock, for example, was summarily expelled from Cracow, for Austria no longer thought it advisable that accounts of what was happening in Poland should reach the English newspapers. Of a rising in Galicia itself there was no probability, for the peasants are furiously Austrian, and were as much against the insurgents as the Russians themselves were. Austria has managed to get the peasants entirely with her, and although the Galician massacres of 1846 evoked the moral disapprobation of Europe, that does not prevent the aid of the peasants being exceedingly useful. Moral disapprobation breaks no bones, and the Austrians, with Cracow in their grasp and the Galician peasants on their side, have not apparently much to fear from Poland. This was the secret of the overtures Austria made to the Western Powers at the beginning of the insurrection, and it was not until she was convinced of the hopelessness of expecting support from them that she made her peace with Russia. The landed proprietors of Galicia warmly supported the insurrection, and freely gave their lives and the lives of their children for their country. Mr. Bullock stayed in several of the best country-houses of Galicia, and he is warm in his praises of the family life of the Polish proprietors. He found it, as he says, highly refreshing to exchange the eternal clatter of dominoes, and the stifling atmosphere of French and German *cafés* in winter, for the cheerful family tea-table. He even regrets that the Poles imitate the French, for the Poles "are unmistakably the finer people of the two," and "the mere fact that the Poles are a tea and not a coffee-drinking people brings them nearer to us English." As to the Polish ladies, Mr. Bullock is more than grateful; he is poetical, and soars beyond those regions of hidden romance where most Englishmen are content to dwell. He thinks that he will best express his feelings when he says that "you find in them all those qualities which are summed up in the one word 'woman.'" Young ladies, whether Polish or other, would be very difficult to please if they did not like a man who rode contentedly through his wet fir-woods, and could write so gallantly and enthusiastically. Mr. Bullock also adduces many proofs of the sense and practical aptitude for affairs which the Polish proprietors show throughout Poland, and which, long before the insurrection, was a cause of great anxiety both to the Prussian and the Russian Governments. The Agricultural society in Posen was so well managed that the Prussian Government had to interfere, and substitute a Royal Agricultural Society of its own. There is nothing which Mr. Bullock's book tends more conclusively to establish than that the Poles have apparently as good and strong a turn for self-government as any untamed nation in Europe. The old theory, that the Poles of to-day ought to be judged by the absurdities attending on the working of the old Polish Constitution, may be put away and buried once for all. On whatever other points recent English writers on Poland may disagree, they all agree that the Polish aristocracy is liberal, moderate, and intelligent, and no more deserves to be estimated by the follies of the past than our Universities deserve to be estimated by the blasphemous rhapsodies with which the ecclesiastical toadies of the Restoration praised the virtues of Charles II.

North-east and east of Galicia lie the important provinces of Volhynia and Podolia, where the peasants are mostly Ruthenians, and, although not of Russian origin, have been forcibly converted to the Greek Church. Here, again, the peasants were favourable to the authorities, and the insurgents had not the ghost of a chance. The peasants were quite as cruel as the Russian soldiers, and the horrors which took place while the insurrection was going on were awful. Mr. Bullock makes it his task to enumerate sufficient of these horrors to stir up, as he hopes, the indignation of the English public against the Russian Government. Let us not disappoint him, and let us have our moral indignation stirred up. Atrocities are atrocious, and no theories ought to make us gloss them over. But, being such as it is, and being circumstanced as it was, we do not exactly see how the Russian Government could have helped these atrocities, or at least some of them. English civilization and English public opinion, and all good English influences put together, have not been able to prevent some of the most hellish acts ever done on earth being the consequence of English troops storming a town; and there were scenes in India, when the English began to triumph over the mutineers, which rivalled the sadder episodes of the present civil war in America or of the Algerian conquests of France. But if the recording angel of history is expected to shed effacing tears over all English misdeeds, we ought not to grudge that a little stray moisture should dim the heinousness of Russian crimes. The peasants of Volhynia are savages, and the Russian troops are savages well supplied for the most part with liquor. They found an insurrection opposed to them, and, each in their own way, they had learned to hate the insurgents; the peasants, because, as they were assured by the Government, the insurrection was meant to do them some obscure sort of pecuniary harm, and the Russian troops, because the insurgents were rebelling against Holy Russia and the Czar. When these barbarians had got the insurgents down they kicked them, as barbarians love to kick their enemies. The Russian officers, as Mr. Bullock records, if they chose to interfere to save prisoners from foul outrages, had to do so at the risk of their lives. It is frightful

* *Polish Experiences during the Insurrection of 1863-4.* By W. H. Bullock. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

to read of what was done. The peasants, for example, used sometimes to pluck out the eyes of their captives, pour vitriol and spirits of wine into their bleeding sockets, and set fire to them. Savage man is everywhere a monster, and civilized man is a mixture of monsters and of something better. Mr. Bullock bids us notice that all this, and especially the cruel imprisonment and exile to which those were sentenced whose lives were spared, went on under the reign of the "mild" Alexander. And he complains that it was sickening to hear the Emperor Alexander praised for his good intentions when such deeds were done in his dominions. Probably the Emperor Alexander was as powerless to hinder the cruelties of the Volhynian peasants, or even those of his own troops, as the Peace Society is to hinder the horrors of war.

We presume it is because he recoils from the sad thought of educated, self-respecting, noble-hearted men like the flower of the Polish aristocracy being given over to a barbarian nation like the Russians, that Mr. Bullock denounces the shortsightedness of the diplomatists who, at the time of the treaty of Vienna, took away the Kingdom of Poland from Prussia and gave it to Russia. This is one of the few positions of general politics which Mr. Bullock goes out of his way to maintain, and, as he has most carefully studied Poland and its history, any view he may have been led to form on so capital a point deserves consideration. But we are unable to see the grounds for his opinion. At the end of his volume he gives an account of a tour he made through Posen, and of all that he saw there. It would appear, from his account, that the Prussian Government has been entirely unable to conciliate the Polish aristocracy, which is as devotedly Polish there as in the Kingdom, and that it has been equally unsuccessful with the peasants, from whom it is separated by the strong barrier of religious differences. What Prussia has been able to do is to Germanize the towns. Mr. Bullock must therefore mean that the diplomatists of 1815 ought to have been wise enough to give as much of Poland as possible to a Power that would have Germanized the towns, and especially Warsaw. In so far as Warsaw is the centre and hotbed of all insurrections, it would have tended to prevent insurrections if Warsaw had been Germanized. But as the Prussians can do no more than Germanize the towns, and cannot assimilate the Poles of any class, it is not obvious how the Poles would have gained by this. And certainly Germany would have lost, for, as it is, Prussia is much hampered by having to keep her hold on Posen, and by being thus obliged to make common cause with Russia; and the evil would only have been intensified if her Polish area had been enlarged. Unless Prussia becomes liberal, Germany cannot become liberal; and the best security for the future of Prussia is that Posen is so small and insignificant a part of the whole territory, and the Poles are so easily kept down there, that Prussia can almost afford to forget that she has to deal with Poles and so may come to play her proper part in Germany. But this would have been impossible if Polish Prussia had stretched as far as Warsaw. Nor—if it is, as Mr. Bullock thinks, the first of all objects of European ambition that Russia should be weakened as much as possible, and if the greatest of dangers is lest Europe should become wholly Cossack—is it to be regretted that Russia should have such a thorn in her side as Poland is. No end of Poland has been made or is possible. This insurrection, which was supported by all intelligent Poles solely on the supposition that England and France would assist them, is now a complete failure. But Poland has not been destroyed. In twenty years there will be another generation prepared to rise if the chance is given. All that Mr. Bullock says on this head is well worth studying. He explains that Russia cannot Russianize the towns, for she has no town population of her own to spare, no officials of a stamp to impress a new character on a population, and no middle class willing to seek wealth in a new sphere. Nor can she change the proprietorship of the lands. If she does confiscate the estates of the Polish nobles, she must simply let them go out of cultivation. She has no class of men to take the place of those whom she would dispossess. In Lithuania, where General Mouravieff was determined to root the insurrection out, and where he confiscated exactly as he pleased, he only could manage to turn out one proprietor in ten. There is no one to buy the confiscated estates except the Jews, who can only buy them on the chance of some day reselling them, either to adjacent proprietors or to the peasants; but this is a very long and uncertain process, and meanwhile the wealth and the revenue of the State must be seriously affected. Europe has not done with Poland yet, and books about Poland are still worth reading, even when they are not so short and pleasant and unaffected as this volume of "Experiences."

ENOCH ARDEN.*

THE announcement of a new volume of poems by Mr. Tennyson is, for present readers, what the announcement of a new story by the author of *Waverley* was forty years ago. A thrill of expectation runs now, as it ran then, through thousands of bosoms. The bounds of our intellectual pleasures are to be enlarged; an addition is being made to those efforts of the imagination which are our own property; a legacy is being bequeathed to our heirs. Our hope is pretty sure to be well

founded, because, however opinions may differ upon the respective merits of Mr. Tennyson's poems, he has written very few that we could consent to spare, or which posterity perhaps will willingly let die—so long at least as we and they continue to preserve with reverence even the fragments of works inscribed with great names. We could surrender with pleasure to oblivion many hundreds of Wordsworth's lines and even some of his entire poems. Cowper, Scott, Byron, would be greatly benefited by such a sacrifice. They often wrote or published in haste, or they have suffered from the erring and extravagant zeal of their editors, who thought that whatsoever they had penned must necessarily redound to their fame or interest the public. There are degrees, priority, and place in Mr. Tennyson's verses; but upon all that he prints the seal of the artist is visible. He is careful in small things as well as in great; he has too much reverence for the language which he inherits and adorns to rest content with anything short of the best he can give his readers.

"Enoch Arden," the poem which ushers in and gives its name to his new volume, is a story which, if it had come to Crabbe's knowledge, would most probably have supplied him with another *Tale of the Hall* or the *Borough*. There is much in the subject akin to Crabbe's temper and genius. The port, the mill, the fishing nets and anchors on the beach, the long street, the mouldered church, the hazel wood, the Danish barrows are objects which he has sometimes described, and which always possessed peculiar charms for him. These he would have catalogued faithfully, sometimes perhaps verbosely. In one page, we should have had ground for applauding a Teniers' picture in words; in others, equal ground for objecting to the epigrammatic conceits or the tedious platitudes that marred his canvas. Enoch Arden delineated by Crabbe would have been an Aldborough fisherman, and Philip Ray an Aldborough miller—veracious, but not typical and representative samples of their kind. But neither into the fisherman nor into the miller would he have infused the strength, tenderness, or distinct personality with which Mr. Tennyson has endowed them; nor would the transitions have been so easy and just from the cool, grave tints of the English fishing-town to the broad, fierce splendour of the tropical island. Again, Philip Ray and Enoch Arden are each of them marked by the fortitude that arises from and rests upon an unselfish nature. Each practises, but in different ways, the most rigorous self-denial; each is actuated by love in its purest form, by the charity that thinketh no evil; each is lord of himself, and steeled against every overt or insidious lure of the passion which absorbs him. Crabbe would have strongly discriminated the outward circumstances of this pair of brave men. Mr. Tennyson does more; he reveals to us the inward and spiritual difference between them. Inspired by a common passion for Annie Lee, placed on the same scene, and among many similar circumstances—and scenes and circumstances are not weak masters for ordinary men—Philip and Enoch, each strong in hope and patient in tribulation, stand as apart from one another as the English fishing-town with its masts, its brown sands and cliffs, and its sober-tinted trees and bushes stands apart from the grandeur, the gorgeousness, and the glare of tropical day and night in the "beauteous, hateful island."

Of Mr. Tennyson's dramatic power no reader of *Maud*, we suppose, can doubt, even if he had not discovered it in many poems of earlier date. That power is equally conspicuous in "Enoch Arden," and in the story that follows it, "Aylmer's Field." The epic and dramatic genius are not so alien to each other as some critics would teach us to think. The footprints of the Iliad and the Odyssey are visible in the Oresteia and in either Ædipus, in the Rhesus and in either Iphigenia. It is the epic poet of the second rank—he in whom the *diathesis* predominates over the *euresis*, whose language and art transcend his invention and passion—who is defective in dramatic force. Had Rome ever possessed a national tragic drama, Virgil would not have been to it what Homer was to the Greek stage. It would have been from the passionate philosophy of the "De Rerum Natura," not from the smooth-flowing, equable, and majestic Æneid, that a Roman Æschylus would have strengthened his might. We were neither surprised nor disappointed when it proved that the late Laureate could not write a tragedy; we see no reason why the present Laureate should not write an excellent one. To the work he would bring passion, lofty or simple eloquence, constructive skill, familiarity with the phenomena of nature, with the moods of the human mind. What other qualities are demanded for the composition of *Edipus* or *Lear*?

It would be idle, and indeed presumptuous, to claim for any living poet, and indeed for more than a very few poets of remote or recent date, a larger measure of the imaginative faculty than Mr. Tennyson possesses. But it is neither presumptuous nor idle to ascribe to him an equal measure with that possessed by the greatest poets in any age of the art which controls and guides imagination. Be it a happy instinct, or be it severe discipline, be it a gift or an acquisition, he reigns supreme in the realm of his own mind—neither mistrustful nor prodigal of its strength, discerning where liberty ends and where license begins, adjusting the opposite forces of reason and fancy, balancing gorgeous and sublime eloquence with stern and simple economy of language, harmonizing mere power with mere beauty, loyal yet not servile to the primal laws of art. Virgil is not more master of himself, Lucretius in his happiest moments is not borne more strongly or swiftly along by the poetic *afflatus*, than Tennyson. But he treads securely in regions where the younger of these poets does not venture; he obeys laws which the elder of them knew not or disdained in his compositions.

* *Enoch Arden*, &c. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet-Laureate. London: Moxon & Co. 1864.*

Mr. Tennyson is a consummate artist, possessing, but not possessed by, his genius. To him may be applied, even more justly than it was to Marlowe, the attribute of the "mighty line." For concentration of this kind he stands beside Dante. The readers of the Divine Comedy are familiar with many culminations of force and beauty, such as

E caddi, come corpo morto cade.
Quivi trovammo Pluto il gran nemico.
Dolce color d'oriental zaffiro.
A guisa di leon quando si posa.

Enoch Arden, to say nothing of such gleanings as so many other of Mr. Tennyson's compositions afford, furnishes an ample portion of this concentrative power:—

The ship "Good Fortune," tho' at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelmed her, yet unwept
She slept across the summer of the world.
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.
And the low moan of leaden-coloured seas.

But we are doing injustice to Mr. Tennyson by thus serving him up in morsels, and his readers will pick out for themselves many similar culminating verses. In the following description of tropical scenery almost every verse deserves to be underlined:—

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coiled around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see; the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwrecked sailor waiting for a sail.

We have given no hint of the story of *Enoch Arden*, neither do we intend doing so. We hold such forestalling of plots to be a very questionable act of benevolence either to the author or the reader. But we must betray the author's confidence so far as to render our next extract intelligible. Enoch, having married Annie Lee, is, for her sake and his children's, compelled to go as boatswain in a ship "China bound." The vessel is wrecked on its homeward voyage. Enoch passes ten solitary years in the island already mentioned, but is finally released from it, and landed in the harbour whence he had sailed before. During his absence, and in conviction of his death, his wife Annie has married her once rejected suitor, Philip Ray, and is once more a happy wife and mother. Poor Enoch, now lonelier than even in his island, resolves to remain concealed, that he may not shatter all the happiness of the hearth; and only on his death-bed, and under oath that the disclosure of his return and presence shall not be made while he lives, confesses to an ancient neighbour that he is the long-lost Arden. And this is his dying charge, and this the manner of his death:—

I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to the grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumbered motionless and pale,
And Miriam watched and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad,
Crying with a loud voice "A sail! a sail!"
"I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

"Aylmer's Field," also, is a tragic story—a tale of true love crossed by pride, the issue of which is the extinction of the proud house of Aylmer with all its ancestral pomp and heraldic vanities. The very land knows its place no more:—

The great Hall was wholly broken down,
And the broad woodland parcel'd into farms;
And where the two contrived their daughter's good
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made his run,

The hedgehog underneath the plaitain bores,
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,
The slow-worm creeps and the thin weasel there
Follows the mouse, and all is open field.

"Aylmer's Field" will possibly, with some persons, find as much favour as "Enoch Arden," and be more generally relished than the story next in order, entitled "Sea Dreams." In our opinion "Aylmer's Field" is the more complete poem of the two, but it contains no single passage equal to the clerk's dream of "Life" and "Work." To this poem indeed, as it was published some time ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*, many readers need no introduction, neither to the true and touching portraiture of life on the verge of death called the "Grandmother," which is even more generally known. Of the "Northern Farmer," written in the Lincolnshire dialect, it would be unfair to cite a portion, and for the whole we have not space. The omission is of no moment; the pathos and humour of the verses would ensure their reception even if the ballad itself were not among the most curious and perfect samples of provincial English. In the division entitled "Miscellaneous" by the author we find some poems written in an earlier style, if not at an earlier date. One, however, immediately following the "Voyage" is so brief and so beautiful that we cannot pass it by. It is entitled

IN THE VALLEY OF CAUTERETZ.

All along the valley, stream that flashest white,
Deepening thy voice with the deepening of the night.
All along the valley, where thy waters flow,
I walked with one I loved two and thirty years ago.
All along the valley while I walk'd to-day
The two and thirty years were a mist that rolls away;
For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,
Thy living voice to me was as the voice of the dead,
And all along the valley, by rock and cave and tree,
The voice of the dead was a living voice to me.

"Boadicea," although placed by its author in a sort of appendix, and ranked by him among metrical "experiments," is a poem of striking power and beauty. If inferior to the verses of whose metre it is an echo, it is because the English language, ductile as it is in Mr. Tennyson's hands, cannot represent the fury and the force of the Roman original. But the "Atys" of Catullus need not and should not diminish our appreciation of "Boadicea." There are few passages in the most pictorial of the Latin historians more graphic than that in which he describes the rising of the Eastern British tribes against the Roman oppressor. Even the prosaic Dion Cassius warms into something approaching enthusiasm when he writes of the "Warrior Queen" of the Iceniens. But the brief sentences of Tacitus are like the muttering and menacing heralds of the storm warping up from windward. A few of them will enable the reader to perceive how the historian ministers to the poet—how the poet amplifies and intensifies the picture of the historian:—

Nulla palam causa delapsam Camuloduni simulacrum Victorie ac retro conversum, quasi cederet hostibus—Femine in furorem turbate adesse exitum canebant—visamque speciem in aestuario Tamese subverse colonie—Oceanus cruento aspectu, in siccis labente astu humanorum corporum effigies—strepitum et clamorem tot milium—Adesse deus iuste vindictae—Boadicea curru filias prae se vehens, ut quaque nationem accesserat, &c.

Hear it Gods! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O Coritanian!
Doubt not ye the Gods have answered, Cateuchlanian, Trinobant.
These have told us all their anger in miraculous utterances—
Bloodily flowed the Tamese rolling phantom bodies of horses and men;
Then a phantom colony smouldered on the reflux estuary;
Lastly yonder yester-even, suddenly giddily tottering—
There was one who watched and told me—down their statue of Victory fell.
Hear Icenian, Cateuchlanian! hear Coritanian, Trinobant!
While I roved about the forest, long and bitterly meditating,
There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical ceremony,
Loosely robed in flying raiment, sang the terrible prophesies;
"Fear not, Isle of blowing woodland, Isle of silvery parapets!
Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering enemy narrow thee,
Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the mighty one yet!
Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated,
Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,
Thine the lands of lasting summer, many-blossoming Paradises,
Thine the North and thine the South, and thine the battle-thunder of God.

In fine contrast with this passionate impersonation of wrongs endured and avenged long ago, stands the calm wisdom of the verses, entitled

A DEDICATION.

Dear, near and true—no truer Time himself
Can prove you, tho' he make you evermore
Dearer and nearer, as the rapid of life
Shoots to the fall—take this and pray that he,
Who wrote it, honouring your sweet faith in him,
May trust himself; and spite of praise and scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise;
And after Autumn past—if left to pass
His autumn into seeming-leafless days—
Draw toward the long frost and longest night,
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the fruit
Which in our winter woodland looks a flower.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.*

THE letters contained in this volume begin in 1770, on the eve of Marie Antoinette's marriage, and go down to July, 1792. They are addressed, with a few exceptions, to members of her

* Correspondance Inédite de Marie Antoinette, publiée sur les Documents Originaux. Par le Comte Paul Vogt d'Hunolstein, Ancien Député de la Moselle. Paris: Dentu. 1864.

family—to her mother, to her sister Maria Christina, and to her two brothers, Joseph and Leopold. Of the remaining letters, most are to the Austrian Ambassador at Paris, Comte de Mercy. They are obviously of the most intimate and confidential character, and a reader naturally wishes to know where they come from. The answer to this, in the preface to the volume, is that all the papers contained in it have been “copied and compared most carefully with the originals, belonging to M. le Comte d’Hunolstein,” and that, with a few orthographical corrections, the letters are printed as they are written. But it would be interesting to know how such letters found their way into the keeping of the Count d’Hunolstein, and on this point no information is given us. The editor merely remarks that the Queen “used to make two or even three copies, not only of her own letters, but also of letters and papers addressed to her, in order to be able to entrust them to different persons, and thus to ensure their reaching the members of her family and her friends, especially at a time when, a close prisoner, she could no longer do as she pleased, and could not trust those around her.” This multiplication of copies accounts in a general way for documents of great secrecy and importance being found in the hands of persons for whom they were not originally meant; but we may observe, in the first place, that it would have been satisfactory to have some knowledge of the channel through which these particular letters passed into the collection of their present possessor, and, in the next place, that the remark applies only to the letters written after 1789, which fill about half the volume. The other half consists of letters which have little to do with political matters—letters full of harmless gossip or family confidences or expressions of affection, such as a homesick daughter writes to her mother or a sister to a sister. It seems unlikely that Marie Antoinette should have preserved “two or even three” copies of familiar notes like these; nor does the editor say so. But if not, the “originals” of which the editor speaks must have come to him from the most private family archives of the House of Austria. If this has been the case, it would have been well to satisfy a natural curiosity as to the way in which so remarkable a communication was made to him. A book which, like this, gives, in reality, no adequate account of itself, necessarily awakens a degree of mistrust; and there is nothing, as far as we can see, in the letters themselves which carries us beyond the ordinary knowledge of the events of the Queen’s life, or the ordinary conceptions of her character. It has been thought worth while before now, though it seems a strange piece of trouble to take, to compose imaginary letters of remarkable people, or to eke out what is imperfect in a collection by imitations modelled on the genuine remains. Such a suspicion may be perfectly groundless in the present instance; but it is entirely the editor’s fault if it arises in the minds of readers whom he has left without the slightest clue to the origin of the papers; and the letters themselves are not enough to negative the supposition of a biography in an epistolary form.

Taking the book, however, for what it claims to be, we find Marie Antoinette quitting Austria, her mother, and her sister Maria Christina, the Duchess of Saxe-Teschen, with the fears and sorrows of a young girl leaving a home which she loved for distant and unfamiliar greatness. The letters are such as a clever and spirited woman in Marie Antoinette’s position would have written, and they do credit to her good feeling and self-command, as well as to her judgment and powers of observation. Her first impressions of France and the Court were not favourable, though she makes it her duty to take everything on its best side. She is overwhelmed with ceremonies; then there is the storm at Versailles on her wedding day and the terrible accident at Paris, which distress her; “she cannot sleep, and she has always before her eyes that crowd of victims, of which she has been the occasion;” and she dreads the entry into Paris. She speaks with quiet respect of her husband:—“M. le Dauphin parle très-peu, il est timide, très-peu démonstratif, mais il est bon pour tout le monde.” She represents him as being, for the most part, in a “state of calm,” broken at rare intervals by uncontrollable fits of what his brother, M. de Provence, called “un rire homérique.” The old King’s circle, in spite of his “bonté” for her, weighs on her spirits:—“Quand il y a un cercle de famille, on est plutôt sérieux et triste que gai, il y a cependant des jours que le roy dit des choses aussi agréables que j’en ai jamais entendu, mais en général il ne parle pas.” She contrasts the French stiffness and dullness with the freedom of Vienna and Schönbrunn:—“La vie de famille ici est encore une représentation, et on ne peut pas se laisser aller et s’écouter vivre, mais je suis décidée à me faire à tout.” She tells with pride how cleverly she has acquitted herself of the little tricks of royal courtesy:—

J’ai voulu suivre le conseil de l’empereur, et j’ai chargé l’abbé de me procurer des notes sur les familles du pays afin de parler à chacun comme il convient; j’ai eu la preuve de l’avantage d’un pareil soin il y a deux jours, je devois recevoir le compliment du duc de Villequier, je me suis fait donner de bons mémoires sur sa famille et je lui ai parlé en conséquence, il a été flatté au dernier point et en avoit les larmes dans les yeux—le roy en a été satisfait parce qu’il a du goût pour le duc.

But there is a severe self-constraint upon her all the while:—“Que ma bonne mère me pardonne si je lui avoue que j’ai des instants de noir que j’ai de la peine à secouer; je m’en veux, et je prends le dessus;” but she almost breaks down under the load of dullness and etiquette, and the utter want of sympathy round her, when she thinks of her old ways, and the time when she could come to her mother, and hear

her words, “qui sont aujourd’hui comme mon évangile.” The principal people about the Court are touched off. Madame de Noailles, who has the direction of the Dauphiness’s little balls, is “d’une sévérité exemplaire sur les détails à être ennuyeuse.” Her aunt Adelaide frightens her a little, but fortunately she is a favourite with Aunt Victoire. Yet she cannot quite make them out; they are “tantôt démonstratives, tantôt froides et piquantes, peut être je les juge mal.” The Madame Elizabeth of after days appears first as a little girl not easy to manage—“la petite farouche Elizabeth, qui deviendra très gentille et ne quitte pas ma main.” A year later, she is described to Maria Theresa:—

Elizabeth n’est pas un caractère méchant, mais plutôt entier et rebelle, elle a sept ans et gagne beaucoup, et l’on surprend chez elle des traits de sensibilité qui sont charmants.

And she continued to be intractable and troublesome till, after her sister’s marriage, her thoughts turned towards a religious life, and she wanted to enter the Carmelite order. Later, when the Dauphin had become King, Marie Antoinette thus explains the family difficulties to Maria Theresa:—

A ma arrivée en France j’avois trouvé en elle une petite sauvage que rien ne pouvoit apprivoiser, brusque, rude, emportée et volontaire à faire peur, indocile à toutes les remontrances; il n’y a qu’une mère qui auroit pu adoucir ce caractère là dans les premiers temps; on avoit beau donner une entière autorité aux dames gouvernantes, ce ne pouvoit être la même chose, à peine si elle avoit connu sa mère. Cependant elle avoit un bon fonds et, ce qui rassuroit, beaucoup de sensibilité, il n’y avoit que manière de diriger tout cela. Son obstination pouvoit devenir caractère et sa fierté un bon point de direction, et comme elle étoit sensible on pouvoit lui faire comprendre l’avantage et le bonheur d’être aimée.

And the end is that Madame Elizabeth becomes a great favourite. “Elizabeth,” she writes a year or two later, “est maintenant charmante de caractère et fort grandie.”

As long as the old King lived, she had a hard time of it. Under her respectful language about her husband, a complete want of interest in his dull self-satisfied impassive honesty shows itself. He is no help to her in her troubles and mortifications—“il est fort poli pour moi, et fort attentif”;—more than that:—

M. le Dauphin n’est pas moins bon, il est religieux, attaché comme personne à ses devoirs, mais il est ferme par nature et il n’est pas de ces caractères qui consentiroient à entrer dans ce genre de détails pour se faire une règle de conduite, il va droit son chemin sans s’inquiéter du reste; la confiance ne se commande pas, il faut qu’elle lui vienne.

Ne parlez point de cela à notre bonne chère maman, elle me croiroit malheureuse et s’affligeroit à tort. Je voudrais effacer ce que je viens d’écrire, mais ce qui est dit est dit. Brûlez ma lettre.

The brothers she disliked, and made little secret of it; she does not much mind in what company she classes them:—

Monsieur est un homme qui se livre peu et se tient dans sa cravate, je n’ose pas parler devant lui depuis que je l’ai entendu à un cercle reprendre pour une petite faute de langue la pauvre Clotilde qui ne savoit où se cacher. Le comte d’Artois est léger comme un page et s’inquiète moins de la grammaire ni de quoi que ce soit;—reste Madame du B., dont je ne vous ai jamais parlé, je me suis tenue devant la faiblesse avec toute la réserve que vous m’avez recommandée, on m’a fait souper avec elle et elle a pris avec moi un ton demi respectueux et embarrassé et demi protection. Je ne me départirai pas de vos conseils dont je n’ai pas même parlé à M. le Dauphin, qui ne peut la souffrir, mais n’en marque rien par respect pour le roy;—elle a une cour assidue, les ambassadeurs y vont, et toute personne étrangère de distinction demande à être présentée, j’ai sans faire semblant d’écouter entendu dire sur cette cour des choses curieuses, on fait foule comme chez une princesse, elle fait cercle, on se précipite, et elle dit un petit mot à chacun, elle règne; il pleut dans le moment où je vous écris, c’est probablement qu’elle l’aura permis; au fond c’est une bonne personne.

Then comes the illness of the old King, the progress of which is described in letters to Maria Theresa. The whole Court is horror-struck with surprise and fear. “M. le Dauphin est immobile de crainte.” When all is over she writes in alarm and anxiety:—“Je viens de passer quatre années bien heureuses,” she says, “mais un avenir nouveau s’ouvre tout rempli d’écueils; priez pour moi et aidez-moi.” She is distressed at her husband’s inexperience and uncommunicative temper. The task before him was “the more alarming, because the old King had kept him an entire stranger to business, and never spoke to him about it.” Louis XV. had been kind to herself personally:—

Seulement je ne dirois qu’à vous, ma chère maman, qu’il étoit très déliant et nous traitoit un peu trop en enfants; il étoit personnellement très bien pour moi, mais on s’apercevoit trop dans les fêtes de la cour que ce n’étoit pas pour nous qu’il se donnoient.

Her husband was like a man “tombé d’un clocher”; “le roy,” she writes of him, “qui ne parle pas, n’a point dit un mot sur le choix d’un ministre.” He was not well inclined to D’Aiguillon, the “âme damnée” of the late mistress, but it was doubtful whether he would have Choiseul, the favourite at Vienna:—

Je ne sais ce qui lui roule dans l’esprit, il ne s’en ouvre pas tout à fait et il est très agité. Je ne peux pas dire qu’il me traite en dessous et en enfant, et qu’il aie de la défiance pour moi; au contraire, il lui échappoit l’autre jour un long discours devant moi, et comme s’il parloit à lui même, sur les améliorations à introduire dans les finances et dans la justice, il disoit que je devois l’aider, que je devois être la bienfaisance du trône et le faire aimer, qu’il vouloit être aimé.

C’est au vrai un homme qui est tout en lui, qui a l’air d’être fort inquiet de la tâche qui lui est tombée tout-à-coup sur la tête, qui veut gouverner en père. Comme je ne veux pas le blesser, je ne le questionne pas trop. Il fait tout aussi bien de ne pas me consulter, je suis plus embarrassée que lui.

The letters of the period between the accession of Louis XVI. and 1789 dwell on the prejudice against her in France, and the scandalous stories about her sent home to Vienna. She is very indignant at the “obstinacy of a set of people to represent her as

still a foreigner, and a Frenchwoman against the grain." "Je suis française," she protests, "jusqu'aux ongles." She feels rebellious against the etiquette which pursues her inexorably at every turn, but declares that she submits to it with dutiful patience:—

On croit qu'il est bien facile de faire la reine, on a tort, les assujettissements sont innombrables, comme si le naturel étoit un crime; mais le roy, qui me laisse faire en général, ne veut pas autoriser formellement des réformes; un ruban ici, des barbes et des plumes là plutôt qu'ailleurs, et la monarchie seroit perdue pour certaines gens; je suis bien gênée de tous ces jougs.

In 1777 the Emperor Joseph, her brother, visited Paris, and discussed politics with his shy and calm brother-in-law. The Queen writes to her sister about the contrast between the two men:—

Il est toujours le même, il fait des observations très justes sur tout ce qu'il voit, et il donne des conseils comme personne n'en sait donner; des fois, il fait l'avouer, il y met une forme un peu brusque, ce qui fait perdre à ses grandes idées leur effet. Ma chère maman ne trouveroit pas mauvais si je lui tenois ce langage, elle connoit mieux que personne mon frère et moy même, et elle sait toute l'admiration que j'ai pour lui, et tout le prix que j'attache à ce qu'il ait un plein succès à la cour comme il le mérite. Le roy le regarde avec amitié, et comme il est très timide et peu parlant il l'écoute volontiers, mais quand notre frère lui donne de ces coups de critique il se borne à sourire et se tait; l'autre jour cependant il n'a pu garder le silence sur certains principes de gouvernement développés par l'emp. contre le clergé, le roy a repris un à un ses arguments avec une précision, une fermeté et un sang froid qui nous ont tous étonnés et qui ont rendu la continuation d'un pareil sujet impossible. Chaque pays a ses habitudes et ses besoins, disoit-il en finissant; il est possible, ce dont je doute, que votre système soit applicable dans d'autres Etats, mais nous sommes en France, et c'est un pays où les importations étrangères, en matière de gouvernement, n'ont pas l'air de beaucoup réussir.

Then the affair of the Diamond Necklace fills the letters with indignation and pain, till the Assembly of the Notables and the meeting of the States-General began to bring even more serious subjects before the world. Here we begin to have the Marie Antoinette of the revolutionary time as she is generally conceived of and represented, vainly urging the King to greater self-assertion and decision, seeing from the first the frightful magnitude of the crisis, the real intentions of the revolutionary leaders, and the deadly nature of the struggle, wrathful and contemptuous at the new notions of popular liberty and popular control over the Government, conquering her disgust in order to gain over Mirabeau, scornfully despairing at the weakness and worthlessness of all classes in France, and bitterly conscious of her personal unpopularity. In the letters she is seen, first, preparing a vigorous armed counter-revolution, but with as little of foreign interference as possible, and impatiently combating the advice from Vienna to wait and let things take their course; and at last, after the vain attempt to escape, resigning herself to a policy of dissimulation with the revolutionary chiefs at home, and throwing all her efforts into the attempt to organize a great European coalition—an "armed Congress"—which should refuse to recognise any government in France but the monarchy, and which should prevent both foreign and civil war by arresting the violence of the emigrants, and frightening the French nation into submission. The letters, which are addressed to the Comte de Mercy or to the Emperor, set forth with great force and vividness the miserable straits to which the royal cause was reduced. The King himself was without counsel or resource, tamely and phlegmatically keeping himself calm whatever might be passing, incredulous of the Queen's quickness of sight and soundness of judgment, and jealous of her vigour and decision. The Princes only did mischief by their violence and folly; and after Mirabeau's death there was no Frenchman on whose character or capacity any dependence could be placed. Marie Antoinette could see no other course than to stoop to the ignoble policy of accepting the Constitution, in the hope of bringing about its speedier downfall, and in the meantime to rouse the Courts of Europe, not to attack, but to threaten France. She had persuaded herself that such a demonstration on the part of foreign Governments, accompanied with a disclaimer of interference in the internal affairs of France, would actually avert war, by encouraging the *honnêtes gens* at home to throw off the revolutionary yoke, and restore the freedom and authority of the monarchy. The whole of the correspondence of 1791 is more or less directed to this end, and she complains bitterly of the slowness and reluctance of the Emperor to act, and of the ill-will and selfish jealousy which prevented Governments like those of Prussia and England from joining in the plan. The strange thing is that she does not seem to see that a refusal on the part of foreign Powers to acknowledge any government in France but the old monarchical one with which they had made treaties and framed alliances, was an interference with the domestic affairs of a nation; and that—recognising, as she distinctly does, the growing warlike spirit and power of democratic France, and pointing out its formidable character to neighbouring Powers, she should have brought herself to think that a nation in the enthusiastic madness of its first liberty would be cowed into unresisting submission by such a challenge. She shrank from what appeared like double-dealing; yet it is plain that there was, even to her, some pleasure in the thought of outwitting the hated constitutionalists. "Il y a des moments," she writes, "où il faut savoir dissimuler, et ma position est telle et si unique que pour le bien même il faut que je change mon caractère franc et indépendant." But there was nothing else to be done:—"Il faut faire tout ce qu'on exige de nous, et même avoir l'air d'aller au devant. C'est peut-être une manière et la seule pour les endormir et sauver

notre vie." It was necessary, she wrote, that the King should ostensibly accept the Constitution: "Il ne s'agit pour nous que de les endormir et de leur donner confiance en nous. . . . Croyez que la chose doit être vraie puisque je le dis, vous connoissez assez mon caractère pour croire qu'il me porteroit plutôt à une chose noble et pleine de courage." Yet it was a consolation to her to think that the Constitution had only to be frankly accepted by the King in order to work out its own self-destruction. All that was wanted was—what was not to be had—Ministers to assist it on its way:—

Mais si l'on prend ce parti, il faut y tenir, éviter surtout tout ce qui pourroit donner de la méfiance, et marcher en quelque sorte toujours la loi à la main. Je vous promets que c'est la meilleure manière de les en dégoûter tout de suite. Le malheur, c'est qu'il faudroit pour cela un ministère adroit et sûr, et qui en même temps eût le courage de se laisser abîmer par la cour et les aristocrates, pour les mieux servir après, car il est certain qu'ils ne reviendront jamais ce qu'ils ont été, surtout par eux-mêmes.

Nothing can be more pointed and vigorous than her criticisms on the absurdities of the revolutionary changes, or her arguments against the policy and intentions of the emigrants at Coblenz. Yet, with these sound views, she thought that such a declaration as the following on the part of the Courts of Europe was the way to restore confidence and order to France; and she was even willing, in order to bring England into the scheme, or merely to purchase its neutrality, that the commercial interests of France, and even its territorial possessions in India or the Antilles, should be sacrificed:—

Les puissances unies doivent déclarer: 1° qu'elles réclament la force des traités et des capitulations passés avec la France à différentes époques et qu'elles en exigent la fidèle exécution; 2° qu'elles se promettent mutuellement de se livrer tout François imbu de ces maximes de révolte et de sédition, qui auroit tenté de les répandre et d'exciter des mouvements dans un Etat et qui se seroit retiré dans un autre, pour lui être faite telle punition qu'il appartiendra selon les formes de la justice; 3° qu'elles ne reconnoîtront point le pavillon de France aux trois couleurs, attendu qu'il n'est que le signe des troubles et des séditions enfantées par ces maximes subversives de tous les gouvernements.

Telles sont les intentions que les puissances unies peuvent annoncer et dont elles doivent réclamer l'exécution.

Supposing these letters to be genuine—and in the later portions of the volume there can be no doubt that they accurately represent the Queen's views and feelings—they certainly must be held to justify the opinion of the revolutionary leaders that in her the new order of things had its most dangerous and implacable enemy. The cruelty and execrable brutality of those who were at the end her destroyers have long brought down on their memory its everlasting and well-deserved shame. Yet their instinct or their knowledge was not at fault when it told them that she would never rest till she had brought back France to the despotism of Louis XV. We cannot wonder that she should have shrunk with horror and disgust from a revolution which began with that outbreak at Versailles by which, as she says, she was brought face to face with death and assassination. "J'ai eu la mort de près, on s'y fait, Monsieur le Comte," she writes to Mercy. "Quand on a subi les horreurs du 5 et 6 octobre, on peut s'attendre à tout; l'assassinat est à nos portes," she writes to her brother. But the way in which she tried to arrest and check the revolution was by throwing herself into a series of dark and equivocal intrigues, by backstairs interviews with malcontent revolutionists, by working upon men's selfishness and treachery, by trying to play against her enemies a game of deeper cunning and faithlessness than their own, by bargaining away the honour and self-respect of the nation for the re-establishment by foreign armies of a worn-out and helpless despotism. If she had perished in openly attempting to take the lead in governing France, it would have been a more worthy fate for the daughter of the Empress-Queen; and it is, perhaps, barely possible that she might have succeeded. But it must be remembered that her enmity to the Revolution was not that of a statesman and an open and declared enemy, but of a secret and unscrupulous conspirator, who thought it monstrous that any understanding or engagement should be binding on kings towards revolutionists and democrats. All that can be said is, that she was nobler, and also wiser and more large-minded, than her party. But she was as ignorant and as indifferent as they about the real grounds and meaning of the political struggle in which she took so keen a part, which she was not behind any in inflaming and making more deadly, and of which she was, no doubt, the most illustrious victim.

WOMAN AND HER ERA.*

THE lady to whom we are indebted for this most astounding book informs us that "the Truth" set forth and illustrated in its pages took possession of her mind nearly a quarter of a century ago. During that time she has encountered no common measure of the vicissitudes of life. She was first "crowded into prospective affluence," and then thrown into poverty. "Wedlock and widowhood, births and deaths, have enriched and impoverished her." She has dwelt in "the thoughtful solitude of the frontier, and amid the noise and distractions of the crowded mart." Severe manual labour has been exacted from her for the support of her children, and she has spent many years in travel, in which she was thrown "among the gifted and the stupid, the intelligent and the ignorant, the noble and the mean, the liberal and the bigoted,

* *Woman and her Era.* By Eliza W. Farnham. 2 vols. New York: A. J. Davis & Co. 1864.

the criminal, the outcast, the insane, and the idiotic." All this time "the little seed so long ago dropped in my mind" had taken root and was steadily ripening, and now is "as firmly grounded among the eternal truths as are the ribbed strata of the rocks or the hollows of the everlasting seas." Though rather doubtful in what sense rocks and seas can be called eternal truths, we easily guess what the authoress means, and so solemn an exordium excites a lively but reverent curiosity as to what this Truth can be. The title-page, and the fact that the book is written by an American lady, of course put one on the scent, but we will frankly admit that the vastness and originality of the Truth quite surpass the most sanguine anticipations. Everybody who keeps an eye upon that small portion of American literature which is not English in disguise is familiar with all the noisy shibboleths of the Woman's Right party, and its contempt for the base and cowardly brutalities of the so-called stronger sex. Whatever view may be taken of the merits of the question involved, there cannot be much difference of opinion about the violent screechings with which the female Bird of Freedom vindicates its right to stand for the Presidency and wear trousers if it likes. Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham takes up a different line, and looks down, perhaps more in sorrow than in anger, upon her meek sisters who only ask to be allowed to vote at elections, and to earn a livelihood as doctors, or printers' devils, or preachers. She would, indeed, have turned all her vicissitudes, and her intercourse with the insane and idiotic, to small account if the little seed had matured into nothing grander and sublimer than this. Hitherto, the apostles of Woman's Rights have only asked that woman should be recognised as the equal of man; but Mrs. Eliza Farnham scorns the notion of stopping here, and the great Truth which has taken twenty-two years to ripen, and which is expounded in these two weighty volumes, is that woman is in almost every possible respect infinitely superior to man. The writer is so much given to what the Americans call the "high falutin'" style, that it is not easy to discover any short statement of her doctrine; but it comes to this—"that woman is the most perfect embodiment of the mortal or earth life; is its sovereign *de jure*, and destined to become its sovereign *de facto*." As soon as this truth shall have become universally admitted, the "era of the Feminine" will be reached, and feminines will show themselves "co-workers with nature in her grand design of artistic maternity." Then even the recreant monster, Man, "will joyfully find that not only individuals, families, and communities, but nations, have been wisely made dependent on the feminine, in their more advanced conditions, for the good which can only come from the most perfect artistic and spiritual being who inhabits our earth." At what precise date we may look for the era of the Feminine is not disclosed to us, nor can we, after patient study, discern how it will differ from the era of the Masculine, because, as we have said, Mrs. Farnham is no vulgar apostle who wants women to have a chance of making themselves like men. That, in her eyes, would be a woefully retrograde gospel. "Woman's true industrial sphere," she admits, "is the home, and her function is wisely, economically, artistically, beneficially to use what man gains and provides." What on earth is it, then, that is wanting to bring about this blissful era? It is all very well for the authoress to say the era will be characterized by artistic maternity; but we are no wiser, for what is artistic maternity? She repeats, however, several times in the course of her high argument that what she is saying will be unintelligible to the coarse and material mind of man, though full of subtle meaning to the superior sex; so the writer finds us an excuse for leaving this part of the subject, and confining ourselves to her demonstration of the foul and gross character of the masculine, compared with the "excellences and most noble conditions" of his mate. This demonstration is quite exhaustive, and in fact, according to the framer of it, is universally acknowledged to be incontestable.

Mrs. Farnham divides her arguments into the Organic, the Religious, the Æsthetic, and the Historic. Her historic argument is extremely peculiar. "History celebrates rather coldly a few good women, but a larger number who are of the opposite character," but at some future time it will be otherwise. The vulgar notion of an historic argument is that it is drawn from the past, but of course the future will be historic some day, and we have no right to check the intrepid anticipations of the feminine by the paltry and narrow conceptions of male logic. The past, however, the record of male brutishness and ferocity, is brightened by the names of such women as Heloise, Isabella of Castile, the grandmother and great grandmother of Frederic of Prussia, his sister Wilhelmina, Lady Jane Grey, Madame Roland, Charlotte Corday, and Margaret Fuller. One does not quite understand why Queen Elizabeth or Blanche of Castile should have been left out, or Xantippe either for that matter. But the true force of the historic argument will only be perceived when history has enrolled the names of those female "scientists," Caroline Herschel and Sophie Germain, of "our own venerable Lucretia Mott," and of Anna Dickinson. What the venerable Lucretia Mott's claim to historic glory rests upon, we do not know. The way in which she is designated would perhaps imply that she had attained the rank of archdeaconess in her own country. Anna Dickinson is a more familiar name, but, considering that Mrs. Farnham takes no account of Catharine of Russia because she was "a manlike woman," it is difficult to see why any weight should be attached to this petticoated stump orator, the great female preacher of abolition and miscegenation. Perhaps miscegenation has something to do with artistic maternity,

in which case the blessings of the era of the Feminine will scarcely extend to Europe; and, if Anna Dickinson is a type of these blessings, we sincerely hope they never may. The writer's religious argument is almost as striking as that from history. It is introduced syllogistically:—

The most exalted life is that which comprises the greatest number of original powers in an active form, giving the longest scale between the extremes of good and evil.

Woman has throughout the history of the race proved herself capable of the greatest moral extremes possible to mortal life.

Therefore she is the highest embodiment of it on our earth.

The only fault we have to find with this is that the authoress coolly assumes her major premiss as so self-evident that it requires no argument, and makes out the rest by "a glance at the systems of Egypt, Greece, and Rome," and by "Eve's conduct considered in a somewhat new light." The glance shows plainly that these systems "were based upon the superiority of the feminine." Jupiter was "a shameless, lying, tricky sensualist." The only male personification of love is "a grotesque ill-mannered boy." Bacchus is the god of "joyous drunkenness, which soon becomes unjoyous"; and Mercury is "the first patron of thieves and pickpockets." Although "there are a few eminent gods and male personages of inferior rank whose conduct does not disgrace their sex," still "the great majority of male myths are the synonyms of the grossest vices and social evils." This brisk summary of ancient religions is followed by the new view of Eve's transgression. One point, however, the authoress wishes previously to call particular attention to:—Has sentiment, reason, or science contradicted the statement that woman was the last-made member of creation—its crown and perfection? This being admitted, we proceed to "the Eden-life"—"a life of plenty, ease, and ignorance." But to the feminine ignorance is eternally intolerable, and therefore to woman did the Serpent successfully address "that greatest of all appeals ever made to the human soul." Man would have reposed in sensual ignorance, but woman discovered the nakedness and poverty of her race, and "commenced the career of improvement whose fruits we may behold to-day in comparing its naked with its clothed races—Tongataboo with Windsor Palace, Tasmania with the Boulevards, Feejee with Fifth Avenue." On the whole, then, Mrs. Eliza Farnham could ask of theology "nothing more honouring to her sex than this attributive history." But the funniest part of the argument is to come. Eve's boldness in emancipating her race, though laudable in its results as teaching us the knowledge of good and evil, was unfortunately a transgression of the divine command, and she was necessarily punished. The only way in which she could be punished was by a reversal of her former state. It is clear therefore, maintains the authoress, that before this "affair" she had been the sovereign being, "because her curse was in being put under man's dominion." "It is plain that what politicians call the Organic Act had made Eve sovereign over Adam, and her curse, for her disobedience of seeking light that was forbidden her, lay in its reversal." The superiority of woman under the new dispensation is shown with equal force, and the treachery of Judas and cowardice of Peter are fresh marks for the writer's scorn. She conveniently forgets St. Paul's injunctions upon the behaviour of women, though so great is her ingenuity and so rare her fearlessness that we ought not to attribute the omission to anything but an oversight. Mrs. Farnham could overthrow any opponent in the world, whether saint or plain man or worse, by her knack of pouring forth a stream of mysterious aphorisms, worthy of the palmiest days of the Transcendental Mecca. If one were to urge any of the common facts by which the world is wont to justify the comparative subordination of women in the social system, she would never think of closing with the fact, but would start from some sonorous proposition, that "Sentiment may be defined as the pure, simple reflection of the Truth which the consciousness entertains," or "That life is most elevated in itself and its uses in which there is the largest amount of voluntary and mixed function, for so it has the largest intelligent hold on results." If this is not enough, we are laid low by a couple of pages from Mr. Walt Whitman, that wicked Tupper, whose writings, it seems, are a sort of precursor of the era of the Feminine. After we have been properly stupefied by awful aphorisms on Life, and Truth, and Intuitions, and Consciousness, we are finally despatched at the hands of Walt Whitman, thus:—

You Hottentot with clicking palate!
You owned persons, dropping sweat-drops or blood-drops!
You poor Koboo, whom the meanest of the rest look down upon!
You dwarfed Kamschatkan, Greenlander, Lapp!
You Austral negro, naked, red, sooty, with protrusive lip, grovelling,
seeking your food!
You Caffre, Berber, Soudanese!
You haggard, uncouth, untutored Bedowee!
You bather, bathing in the Ganges!
You benighted roamer of Amazonia! You Patagonian—you Feejee man!
I do not prefer others so very much before you either!

What this has to do with the argument we cannot guess, but we have a vague fancy that it is meant to be abusive. And Mrs. Farnham is a very good vilifier on her own account when the occasion requires that men should be thoroughly scolded and exposed. "Who are the gourmands," she asks, "and for whom are concocted the thousand and one compounds known as bitters, cordials, stimulants to appetite, stomachics, tonics, &c., with which the walls of modern cities are illustrated?" The termagant of an Irish street-row might vainly envy Mrs. Farnham's fluency of

vituperation. "Who consumes the tobacco, opium, hemp, and other narcotics? Who located the soul in the ventricles of the brain, then in the stomach, then in the pineal gland, then in the spleen, then in the muscular heart, then in the frontal sinus? Who shut up Galileo, and rejected the prayers of Columbus, and scouted the idea of the circulation of the blood?" This ferocious indictment goes on until the wretched masculine shuts up the book and calls upon the rocks to fall upon him and the mountains to cover him.

Mrs. Farnham's æsthetic argument for the superiority of her sex is chiefly based on the supposed fact that "the Venus de' Medici outlives all male marbles, and is not only visited and admired by men, but by women, who either never hear of the Apollo Belvidere, or pay him but a scanty homage if they do." Poetry plainly shows the same thing, and verses are quoted from Lord Houghton, Miss Jewsbury, Whittier, Mrs. Hemans, and others, in illustration of the writer's position. But Mrs. Farnham evidently thinks her strongest point is the organic argument, and into this, unhappily, we are quite unable to follow her. It would be very unfair to say that it is abominably indecent, as one is at first strongly inclined to do, because, after all, the reproduction of the species is a proper subject enough for scientific discussion, and Mrs. Farnham pretends to be scientific, whether she is or not. If we are to have lady doctors, we suppose we shall have to accustom ourselves to hearing women talk in public about the physical relations of the sexes. At present it is rather startling, and we can only venture to state the lady's conclusion, which is that in these functions, as in everything else, woman plays a vastly superior part to man, and that paternity is a poor and contemptible office, while maternity is the most glorious part of human destiny. However, we may mention one of Mrs. Farnham's incidental arguments without offence. The respective positions of the sexes are broadly hinted at, we are told, in the difference between the bearded face of man and the delicacy of the feminine countenance. The character of woman is open, noble, and fearless, so nature has thrown no mask over her face. Man, on the contrary, is subtle, deceitful, and cunning, and this would be too plainly written on his features did not kind nature furnish him with a means of concealing his revolting lineaments. The beard, in short, Mrs. Farnham alleges, is given to man on the same principle on which tails are given to the brutes. This is a modest and delicate sample of the physical arguments by which this enterprising feminine proves her case, and it is about the only one which we can transcribe.

It would require a great deal of space merely to enumerate the audacious follies that are advanced in this preposterous book with an air of the most philosophical conviction. The authoress has skimmed a good many books, has thought in a one-sided and superficial way about them, and has published her thoughts in a style and with a confidence characteristic of her country. In fact, it is principally as exemplifying some of the most remarkable traits of ordinary American thought that *Woman and her Era* is worth attention. The impudent assumption of some facts and the no less impudent disregard of others, the liberal use of superlatives, the constant aiming after the embodiment of platitudes in epigrams, and the fondness for the mystic jargon of spiritualism, are the invariable characteristics of all but an exceedingly small number of American authors. How this comes to be the case, and what will be the final result, are interesting subjects for speculation. Meanwhile, those active ladies in England who read papers on social science, and in various other ways strive to make women other and perhaps better than they are, will be rather dismayed at this terrific American manifesto. If a woman says she wants to be a member of Parliament, or a composer, or a surgeon, we can understand her; but what can she possibly mean by abusing man because he will not let her "throw her soul into the arms of the Infinite"?

WAITZ'S ANTHROPOLOGY.*

THE Anthropological Society of London was founded in the early part of last year. Its object was to bring the principle of association to bear upon what Dr. Johnson defined to be the proper study of mankind. Anthropology, or the scientific study of man, can only of late years be said even to have begun to take to itself a place among the exact departments of knowledge. Human nature and human action have been contemplated, indeed, in manifold aspects, but these aspects have been for the most part special and particular, and little or no attempt has been made to blend them into one general view. To the geologist, and to naturalists in general, man seems to be neither more nor less than the "most organized parasite of the earth—the highest mammal." To the organic chemist he resolves his constituent substance into a few pounds of phosphates and other ultimate solids, plus two buckets or thereabouts of water. To the theologian he appears as a being, by his mortal body belonging to nature, by his spiritual endowment rising far above it, standing in direct contrast to it, and occupying, by virtue of the divine breath which has animated him and him alone of material forms, a privileged position between nature and God. There has been a special view which, in a certain sense, endeavoured to reconcile all the above theories, but which has, in fact, only contributed to expose the irreconcilable antagonism between them. It is the theory according to which the spirit of humanity is the spirit of God himself—the same one and absolute spirit which,

unconscious of itself, creates the world, and only reaches the end of its development in man as the sole agent of the divine self-consciousness. Setting aside for a while the determination of these special points of controversy, which experience prepares us to find separately hopeless and insoluble, is it possible to find some general aspect of the subject in which these detached and partial problems may be either passed over as subordinate to a higher end, or be left indeterminate in themselves, to be accepted or not according to individual bias or temperament of mind? Is there not some common ground on which the ultra-materialist, the positive philosopher, the transcendental theologian, and the pantheist may meet for the purpose of a common study of their one subject, and enter upon a range of facts which, if not wholly new, have not yet been reduced within the rule of any of their special formulas? In a word, instead of starting with dogma, why not begin with the observation and accumulation of facts, and proceed from an empirical basis to build up the scientific fabric of generalization and positive laws? Within this wide horizon will be comprised whatever materials can be contributed by the several branches of science which involve the nature of man, while these will be assimilated into a new order, and blended into a more distinct and permanent harmony.

In attempting to limit the sphere of anthropology, and to assign to this science a proper and well-defined position among other allied branches of knowledge, we find it at once necessary to advert to the twofold aspect of man—as an individual, and as an aggregate of individuals. The departments of this study will accordingly be twofold. On the one side will stand the anatomy, physiology, and psychology of man; on the other, the principles and history of civilization. From the combined results of these several processes of inquiry is the desired knowledge to be obtained. It is because, as yet, these several branches of truth stand side by side, wanting the master science which should methodize and unite them, that the true science of man remains hitherto a gap in our knowledge. Look at the hiatus between physiology and psychology. Both these sciences are usually so limited that the first treats exclusively of physical, the second of psychical, life. Hence the reciprocal actions of the material and vital organizations remain unexplained, for an investigation of this relation fits neither into the framework of physiology nor that of psychology. The subject of changes in the physical organism, its peculiarities and periodicities, with those of the mental or conscious processes and their mutual reaction upon each other, remains untraced to any common law of understanding. Not less wide is the chasm between the physical and historical parts of our knowledge. The history of civilization is unquestionably developed by the collective action of four connected groups of causes. The first is the physical constitution of man. The second presents itself in the form of the psychical life peculiar to each people, which shows itself, alike in the unit and in the mass, under the infinite variety of feelings, interests, and views. Surrounding nature forms the third. The fourth is the sum total of the social relations and connexions of individuals and circles of society, internally and externally. To mediate between these widely separate portions of our knowledge—or, rather, to grasp the ideas belonging to them in one firm and comprehensive effort of mind—is the aim of the anthropologist. It is at the point of transition from isolation into social life that his science takes hold of man, and proceeds to investigate the conditions and relations of his further development. It comprises, as thus defined, far more than that which was undertaken by Prichard in his *Natural History of Man*. It is in like manner wider than the definition given by Latham, who, in *Man and his Migrations*, would limit anthropology to treating of the "differential characteristics of man in contrast with the brute, assigning to ethnology the . . . doctrine of races or varieties of mankind." There is no part of man's being, from the embryo to the perfect form, from the analysis of the substance and tissues to the phenomena of action and thought, from the furthest point in past history to the latest possible development of life in the individual or the race, which is not embraced within the scope of this most extensive of the sciences.

One main object for which the Anthropological Society of London was formed was the publication of a series of standard works upon the Science of Man. Without excluding original writings, it was intended that these works should generally consist of translations. The question arising, what Continental work best represents the present state of anthropological science, the unanimous conviction of the Council seems to have been that no treatise has so well epitomized the present state of our knowledge on the subject as the first volume of Dr. Waitz's *Anthropologie der Natur-Völker*. To Mr. Collingwood, the Honorary Secretary, was deputed the office of editor, and his translation, to which is added an extended table of contents and a copious index, forms the first of the Society's publications.

Dr. Waitz's book, while laying down the objects of the inquiry much in the same general terms that we have employed, furnishes in itself a sufficient illustration of the imperfect and rudimentary state in which the science of which it treats exists at the present time. It consists of little more than a repertory—made with all the industry of which the German race alone seems capable—of the observations and experiences gathered, during a course of the most multifarious reading, from naturalists, travellers, and physiologists. These scattered and often conflicting records are reduced under headings, so as to form distinctive and separate chapters, with little or no critical attempt to sift or analyse them, or to determine their scientific value. It forms a kind of gigantic commonplace book

* *Introduction to Anthropology*. By Dr. Theodore Waitz. Edited by J. F. Collingwood. Vol. I. London: Longman & Co. 1863.

of travellers' tales and the collections of statista. There is scarcely a pennyworth of the bread of philosophy to all this physiological sack. In the preliminary chapters in which Dr. Waitz attempts to lay down the primary laws of investigation and to establish certain axioms of inquiry, he shows that he possesses little of that logical equipoise of the faculties which is required to discern the true bearing of facts, and to adjust the balance between phenomena and hypothesis. We are reminded far more of the loose materials and plant, the bricks, lime, stones, and timber of the contractor, than of the finished edifice or even the symmetrical model of the literary architect. The moment we get among speculative terms, theories, or systems, we are lost in a labyrinth of confusion and uncertainty. Something of this vagueness and obscurity may possibly be set down to the score of the translator, who has evinced little power to grapple with trains of reasoning and inference, or with anything, indeed, more intricate than the simplest matters of fact or description. Still we are reduced, even in the absence of the original work, to suspect an original haziness and indecision in the mind of the writer himself. On the subject of Species, for example, nothing can well be more vague or indecisive than the way in which he first proposes, and then proceeds to discuss, the existing theories or definitions. First, he seems inclined to take his stand upon the narrow dogmatic ground which would limit the idea of species to that of lineal descent. "The only positive and valid proof," he argues, "that a certain number of individuals belong to the same species proceeds from the demonstration that they have descended from the same original stock, and in all doubtful cases this question of unity of species can only be decided by analogy with those cases in which unity of stock has been amply demonstrated." In this case, of course, we have to consider the butterfly to be of the same species with the grub, and the silkworm with the parent moth. But, in order either to do away with such anomalies, or to obviate the absurdity of such arbitrary restrictions, he proceeds to throw in another ingredient from the popular and vague definition of Cuvier, that "to the same species belong all such individuals which" (in the translator's language) "have descended from each other, or from common parents, and from those who resemble them as much as they resemble each other." Yet by what test we are to judge of the degree of "resemblance" which is to constitute a real difference of species, we are not allowed to get an inkling. In one place the writer seems disposed to fall back upon the more recent and favourite distinction of "types," which, after all, does but present the identical difficulty under another name. What he is vaguely aiming at, is evidently to find some method for combining together the arbitrary restriction of common descent with the empirical test of mutual resemblance. And this, he inclines to think, may be cleared up "by assuming, whenever the facts require it, that a species consists of 'homogeneous species,' 'sub-parallel species,' or 'stocks'—namely, where, in individuals of an ascertained or strongly presumptive different stock, the usual limits of variation within the same stock are not passed, and the physical and mental development is essentially the same." This highly lucid bit of philosophical logic is enunciated as parallel to "Prichard's expression, that 'there is nothing in the way to consider them as the descendants of the same stock.'" It is to be regretted that the translator did not take the trouble, before fathering upon Prichard an "expression" so foreign to the Doctor's ordinary style, to verify the citation by turning to that writer's well-known volumes, and at least giving his argument the benefit of being stated in his own English. Equally confused and intangible are the modes of dealing with the respective theories of "prolificacy" and "reversion of type," chiefly with the object of counteracting the reasonings of Nott and Gliddon in defence of separate centres of creation for the white and black races of mankind. As the result of this obscure and desultory discussion, we are landed in no more satisfactory conclusion than that "the general question as regards a decided mark of distinction between race and species can only be answered by the particular study of the extent of variation in individual types—that is to say, that in every question of unity or difference of species we are referred entirely to the study of the individual phenomena themselves."

On special points Dr. Waitz's industrious compilation of facts and statements may be of interest and value. But these will have to be subjected to no little sifting before they can serve the purposes of exact scientific inference. On the question of the extreme range of human life, for instance, we get a number of loose pickings of evidence, without the faintest show of testing their absolute or comparative trustworthiness:—

It has been asserted that the mean duration of life is longest in the temperate zone, and diminishes on approaching the tropics. As we have no statistical accounts of uncivilized nations, we must rest satisfied with some stray notices, from which it would appear that there exists no peculiarity of race in this respect. The mean duration of life may be shorter among the Australians than among Europeans, in consequence of privation, but still they reach frequently seventy years and upwards. It has been frequently denied that the American Indians arrive at a very advanced age, but it is now admitted, as proved by many instances. Amerigo Vespucci relates in a letter to Bartolozzi, that he had seen a family consisting of son, father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather. Leri says of the natives of Brazil (Tupinambas, Tamoyos), that they are subject to fewer diseases than the Europeans, and reached an age from 100–120 years, and Pigafetta asserts that they reach 140 years. Prince Max saw an Indian who could remember 107 years. Stevenson has traced similar cases in the parish registers. Men of dark complexion, Negroes and Indians, reach, in spite of their unwholesome diet, even under the tropics, a very advanced age. Poppig is of opinion that only men of colour and Indians reach such an age.

It seems therefore exceptional that in South America the Indians on the Orinoco are described by Gilli (p. 250) as weakly, sensitive to changes of temperature, subject to many diseases, and frequently to an early death. It is very remarkable that on the hot coast of Vera Cruz many instances of extraordinary longevity are met with. In 1831 there were in the village Cosolhuac, among 1,595 souls, forty whose collective ages amounted to 3,457 years, and in 1830 a woman died aged 136. As regards the Malays, we find that Lichtenstein gives instances of their reaching, at the Cape, ages of 107–120 years. Among the natives of the Philippines there are many centenarians; men 80 years of age are seen working vigorously in the fields. Foissac also has collected instances of old age among Polynesians and Negroes. A woman at Cape Coast Castle lived to see the fifth generation. In the Island of St. Thomas, Negroes have reached an age of 110 years. According to the census of the United States of 1850, instances of advanced age from 80 to 100 occur more frequently among the free coloured population, and still more so among the Negroes than among the white population. Among 3,000,000 of slaves there were 1,400 from 100 years upwards, while among the whites there were but 800 instances of the kind among 20,000,000. Among the Negro slaves in Cuba grey hair and other signs of age appear very late, and one in 900 reaches the age of 100 years. Even among the Hotentots instances of great age frequently occur. Moody mentions a case of one who, from his recollections of former governors of the colony, could not be less than 150 years old.

The copiousness of citation and the immense variety of reading crowded into Dr. Waitz's pages remind us much of the manner of Mr. Buckle, as he further resembles that philosopher in the habit of resting upon any statement in print as upon an unquestionable evidence of fact. It is in the power of scientific analysis and logical combination of ideas, no less than in the faculty of clearly seeing and expressing his conclusions, that the German writer falls incomparably short of his English compeer.

THE TRIAL.*

A MOST wearisome practice has crept in which threatens to become universal amongst novelists. We allude to the resuscitation of the characters introduced in previous novels. The plan has been sanctioned and adopted by our most popular authors, and, following their example, Miss Yonge now produces "*More Links of the Daisy Chain*," under the title of the *Trial*. What may be said for and against this practice of revival appears sufficiently obvious. In these days of copious writing and hasty reading, it is an evident economy of time and invention to use up old material again. In some instances, an author seems in love with his creations, and likes to linger over them, to place them in fresh situations, and develop them in different stages of life and under novel conditions. The public has often been a gainer by an author's so doing, as the old characters are often better than the new when thus dwelt upon and wrought out with parental affection, as was the case—not to seek a more remote illustration—with Thackeray himself. Mr. Trollope appears to think that the public is always ready to welcome its established favourites, though the fact is that they often wear out their welcome. Writers of the rank of Thackeray and Mr. Trollope are eminent in spite of, not in right of, any peculiar fashion they may choose to adopt. Such fashions are, unhappily, easier to copy than the merits which make even a bad fashion tolerated.

We opened Miss Yonge's last novel not without a misgiving, prepared to meet the interminable May family who commenced their career many years ago in the *Daisy Chain*. In the flood of novels which has since then deluged the world, it may be feared that all traces of the *Daisy Chain* must have been washed away, and we are glad to assure our readers that the sequel has been so managed that it is unnecessary to read its precursor. Those who liked the first will naturally relish the second instalment of the family history. It is not to be expected that even a clever woman like Miss Yonge will in each story "surpass herself," as the advertisements too generally assure the public is the case with every work of a popular author. Although we cannot say that the *Trial* will eclipse the two novels by which her fame was established, we think it vastly superior to the *Young Step-Mother*. The labour of writing such books must be great, but Miss Yonge's is a mind which revels in minute detail of domestic life, and in the exposition of those feelings which are sufficiently apparent to be easily understood. Her popularity is undoubtedly to be attributed to her appealing to those minds which form the staple of society at large, and which object to works of fiction that have a wider aim, if not a better object. If we may use the expression, Miss Yonge understands how to work the machinery of a large family—to show how the different members act and react on each other—in a probable and calculable manner. The Mays have their well-contrasted individualities; Dr. May, and his eldest daughter, Ethel, being the most interesting and central figure of the family group, the others radiating off into distant if not insignificant obscurity. The principal character in the book, Leonard Ward, is introduced for the first time, his history being interwoven with that of the Mays. Leonard Ward appears to us far less like flesh and blood than his friends, and to be chiefly used as a case to be experimented on, brought in to show the effect of good influence. The Wards are a young family, who, being by fever suddenly bereaved of their father and mother, are thrown upon the compassion and friendliness of Dr. May, not for support, but for sympathy and aid. The friendship thus cemented between the families ripens speedily and brings forth abundant fruit. Leonard Ward, around whom the chief interest of the story centres, is an enthusiastic youth, such as an

* *The Trial; or, More Links of the Daisy Chain*. By the Author of "*The Heir of Redclyffe*." 2 vols. London and Cambridge: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

Ethel May would be tempted to influence, and most ladies inclined to spoil. Averil, his sister, is more like an ordinary being, and her share in the book redeems the sex from the too prosaic aspect in which the Mays are exhibited. They are a sturdy race, with Ethel at the head, who forms a kind of buffer in case of family collision. She is a warm-hearted, shrewd, and clever woman, well calculated to perform the difficult task of superintending a large family of younger brothers and sisters. From the first moment we had no anxiety as to the ultimate result of the *Trial*. Leonard was sure to turn out right, after his probation had lasted sufficiently long. We watch the true metal, as it were, clearing itself, in the process of being refined from the dross, till at last it issues from the crucible purified and proved by the fire. When an author is a kind of Providence to his creatures, this goes on upon a uniform system. Those who invent a riddle know how to explain it, and those who invent people and their trials make them bear them as they please; therefore they prove nothing more than the bias of the writer's mind.

According to our idea, the *Trial* has a double meaning. The story hinges on a trial for murder, but the real trial is that of faith; and the lesson intended to be taught is "the Christian certainty that 'to do well and suffer for it is thankworthy,' and that, though no mortal man can be so innocent as to feel any infliction wholly unmerited and disproportioned, yet human injustice, at its worst, may be working for the sufferer an exceeding weight of glory, or preparing him for some high commission below." This fragment of Ethel May's letter contains the sum and substance of the moral conveyed in the *Trial*. She describes to her father a conversation between herself and two boys—one being her youngest brother, the other Leonard Ward. *Marmion* set them talking of injustice, and discussing that question which, in some form or other, is often the first to perplex the young and thoughtful, and to which the above is given as an answer—presumed sufficient for the moment to one who had to discover that Divine justice is longer-sighted than human justice. The theory to which we demur is, that "no mortal man can be so innocent as to feel any infliction wholly unmerited and disproportioned." Of what avail, then, is our sense of proportion and justice if mere frailties are to merit the punishments only due to crimes? Leonard is made to illustrate this when accused of murder, and when, found legally guilty, though he was innocent, he is allowed by the judge to say wherefore judgment should not be passed upon him. He does not falter in saying that, in the absence of the one needful witness, man could hardly decide otherwise:—

"In the absence of that one testimony, I feel that I have had a fair trial, and that all has been done for me that could be done; and I thank you for it, my Lord, and you, Gentlemen," as he bent his head; then added, "I should like to say one thing more. My Lord, you would not let the question be asked, how I brought all this upon myself. I wish to say it myself, for it is that which makes my sentence just in the sight of God. It is true that, though I never lifted my hand against my poor uncle, I did in a moment of passion fling a stone at my brother, which, but for God's mercy, might indeed have made me a murderer. It was for this, and other like outbreaks, that I was sent to the Mill; and it may be just that for it I should die—though indeed I never hurt my uncle."

Perhaps there was something in the tone of that one word, *indeed*, which, by recalling his extreme youth, touched all hearts more than even the manly tone of his answer, and his confession.

Supposing that such an improbable case could occur, it certainly does not claim our admiration to find a prisoner confounding the greater and lesser offence. A burst of uncontrolled passion results in a man flinging a stone which nearly hits his brother; that this offence should, on reflection, be exaggerated into a crime, and thought rightly punishable by death, is the distorted vision of a morbid conscience. It is not the first time that Miss Yonge has made her characters the victims of an unhealthy scrupulosity, which, in a fit of exaggerated self-accusation, magnifies a fault into something more heinous. There is positive injury to a cause in over-stating a case, and, with due deference, we should say that Miss Yonge is given to exaggeration. This is the more to be regretted as the authoress of the *Heir of Redclyffe* is invariably prompted by high motives, and we believe she has had considerable influence on the youthful and most impressive portion of the reading community. Any book which misrepresents the true relative size either of men or events must be prejudicial. The minute introspection of self, as promoting spiritual growth, is always enforced by the school of writers of which Miss Yonge is the first by right both of priority and of superior gifts. On a young and sensitive mind this must be injurious, the result of brooding over faults and errors being almost worse than making light of them. Somewhat of the sense of failure we should all have, but there should be no indulgence given to the rueful, repentant, self-accusing temper which is always looking back and microscopically observing how that which is done might have been done better or avoided. The effect of such a system is shown in Leonard Ward's exaggeration of his fault. His judgment was prostrate, almost vitiated, or he could not have magnified his error into a premeditated crime. The fortitude he exhibits under trial wins admiration, but the exhaustion of long suffering at last breaks his spirit almost past recall.

The discipline of life is intended to be shown in the *Trial*. Apart from the consideration of the good which can be effected in this way, and taking a lower ground, there is that in the cultivated reader's mind which resents the universal improvement which always takes place in Miss Yonge's characters. They may be considered as a mutual benefit society, working on a large scale. When the end is invariable, there is much

tedium in the long process. Ethel acts upon Leonard—Leonard upon Aubrey. Averil acts upon Tom and influences Gertrude, and so throughout the circle, till at last we lose in repetition the effect of much that is admirable in itself. We are not insensible to the ability displayed in the *Trial*, the absence of affectation in the circumstantial description of home life, and the pleasant touches which set off the whole. Though it is but a feeble humour which plays over the uniform surface, it relieves the pages of their monotonous effect, and gives the reader courage to go on to the anticipated end.

Miss Yonge's merits have been often discussed and acknowledged in these columns, and therefore there is less occasion for dwelling on them now than on those views which we take the liberty to criticize freely. A famine exists for permissible novels and so-called improving reading for the young; and as Miss Yonge's latest stories must have been dry and unpalatable even to the class to which we refer, we are happy to assure them that they will find the *Trial* more interesting than some of its predecessors, and not so long. When a young lady confesses that Miss Yonge or Miss Sewell is her favourite novelist, we seem at once to be initiated into the mysteries of her mental culture and sympathies; we at once behold a vision of that type of young lady who could not have existed a hundred years ago, and who was perhaps more in fashion ten years ago than now. The young lady then modelled herself, or her behaviour, on the ideal of her favourite novelist. She was fluent on the subject of Church discipline and decoration, and, delegating her spiritual doubts, if she had any, to the safe keeping of her priest, only retained her free will in discussing those people whose opinions were less dogmatic than those of her own set. Behind the trappings, the phraseology, and the infallibility of the party, there lay the germ of higher thoughts and aims, for active self-denial took the place of thoughtless frivolity in the mind and habits of many a girl. Miss Yonge is very practical, and we have no doubt that, on the whole, the tendency of her writing has been to elevate the ideas and stimulate the torpid energies of those who read her stories.

That her novels are not controversial is one of Miss Yonge's excellences as a writer, and she has many subordinate merits which we would not overlook. Without being either a deep or a satisfactory study of character, there is an air of truth in the effect produced by Leonard's prison career on his mental energies. The authoress has well depicted that awful state of mind, bordering on insanity, when, in the lassitude of body and dejection of spirit, Leonard expressed himself to Dr. May, "I lost my hold of certainty—what I had done or what I had not; and the horror, the malice, the rebellion that used to come on me in that frightful light, white, silent place, were unutterable." The honest doctor listens to the outpourings of these past feelings which relieve his young friend's over-burdened heart. "The hobgoblin had all but struck the book out of Christian's hand," said Dr. May, pressing his grasp on Leonard's shuddering arm. "You are only telling me that you have been in the valley of the shadow of death; you have not told me that you lost the rod and staff." The benumbing influence of an unceasing round of duties mechanically performed, and the deadening effect of monotony, are well brought before us. The change from prison to freedom, from condemnation to proved innocence, would perhaps upset the mind were it really to produce the startling effect and intense joy portrayed on "the boards." Experience shows that nature has provided against this reasonable fear by making the change less vivid and overpowering—the weight of protracted endurance for the time quenching all impulse, and deadening the mind to all external impressions. That Leonard should disappoint his worthy friends at first by his lassitude is very probable. The feminine expedient of an accident, with the softening influence of a young child, in restoring the natural balance of mind, is not an improbable occurrence. Miss Yonge's cheerful spirit loves to bring all round to a hopeful condition. She likes "people to rub one another brighter." Tom May, who is a well-drawn character, hard and selfish, though well-principled, is in the end given an invalid wife, his father affirming that nothing else could teach him that patients are not cases, but persons. All are tried, and all are left happier than we found them, though some would demur to the "hopeful gladness" which Leonard experiences in having given up home and friends for the arduous duties of a missionary career.

PHILOLOGICAL TRANSACTIONS, 1864.*

THE present volume of the Philological Society's Transactions consists of four papers of greater length than usual, each of which has a distinct title-page and a distinct numbering of pages, and one of which has found its way to us in a separate form as well as in its place as a part of the volume. These four are—"An Inquiry into the Character and Origin of the Possessive Augment," by Mr. Serjeant Manning, Recorder of Oxford; 2nd, The text and a Latin translation of the Iguvine Inscriptions, by Mr. Francis Newman; 3rd, A History of "South-Western English," with a Grammar and Glossary of the Dorset Dialect, by Dr. Barnes; and lastly, the Cornish Mystery, or The Creation of the World, with a translation by Mr. Whitley Stokes. We may add that, in the list of contents, the name of the last-mentioned distinguished Celtic scholar is unaccountably changed into *William*, though his proper personal identity is restored to him in his own special title-page.

* Transactions of the Philological Society for 1864. Berlin and London: Asher & Co.

Mr. Manning's paper is a very remarkable effort for a man, by his own account, in his eighty-third year. If we do not think all its arguments very convincing, they show a large measure of acuteness, and bear witness to a large amount of research, on the part of the author, mainly in quarters which were not much explored by the men of Mr. Manning's generation. What Mr. Manning calls "the possessive augment," a name which we do not remember to have seen before, is no other than what we cannot help still looking on as the English genitive, our one case which is left to us—that final *s* which printers, in the exercise of their irresponsible power, think good to separate from the body of its noun by what is in most cases a needless mark of elision. This mark of elision, we need hardly say, was brought in under the belief that the *s* was a contraction of *his*, which in the seventeenth century was often written in full, as we see in one or two places in the Bible and Prayer-book where the printers have vouchsafed to leave the genuine spelling, as "Holofernes his head," "Jesus Christ his sake." Mr. Manning brings forward several other cases where the printers have altered the form, and supposes that Holofernes was spared only because the obscurity of the Apocrypha protected him. In that century there can be no doubt that the general belief was that the *s* was a contraction for *his*; it was therefore written with a mark of elision when the contraction was convenient, but *his* was written in full when the contraction had an awkward sound. Thus, in an edition of Selden's *Titles of Honor* printed in 1672, we find in one page (341) "Martial's time" and "Ausonius his time." But Godwin, a generation earlier than Selden, knows nothing of the elision; he writes "Haralds," "Queenes," "the Archbishop of Canterburies men," "the Normans conquest," even "his churches debt." This last is clearly a distinct genitive, just as much as "patris" or πατρός. We need not carry our list up further, as Mr. Manning gives plenty of examples of every age, and we believe nobody would deny that English, just as much as German, began with a real genitive case in *es*. The question raised by Mr. Manning is whether our present *s* is the direct derivative of that genitive in *es*, as probably all scholars since Johnson have thought, or whether the men of the seventeenth century were right in making *s* a contraction of *his*, and therefore writing it, with an elision, *'s*. At first sight the question seems not worth arguing, the derivation of our present genitive in *s* from the old increasing form in *es* being so very palpable. Mr. Manning argues that our *s* is not the descendant of the ancient *es*, and that the seventeenth-century explanation is the true one. Now we think Mr. Manning quite breaks down in his attempt to show that our *s* is not the descendant of the old *es*; but he certainly shows that the formula "Holofernes his head" was no invention of the seventeenth century, but that it existed alongside of the true genitive from a much earlier time, and that analogous constructions also exist in cognate languages. This he brings out well and clearly; where he fails is in supposing that he thereby necessarily excludes the other origin. His particular arguments to show that our modern *s* cannot represent the Old-English *es* seem to us especially weak. They mainly amount to this, that the use of the two is not coextensive; each may be sometimes used where the other cannot. In Old-English, for instance, we find "the Kinges brother Stephnes." We say now either "King Stephens brother" or "the brother of King Stephen," but in no case do we add the genitive form both to "King" and to "Stephen." Now we suppose nobody would deny that modern High-German has a real genitive, but we find exactly the same idiom there. Opening at a shot the first German book on which we lay our hand, we find "seit Kurfürst Augusta Zeit," not "Kurfürsts Augusta," which, in strict grammar, it certainly ought to be. Irregularities of this sort must occur in languages which have gone through such a process of breaking up as English has. The wonder is that we ever use any inflexion at all, not that we often omit inflexions where, according to strict grammatical rules, we ought to use them. This consideration, we think, disposes of Mr. Manning's instances, of which we have only given one among many. On the other hand, he remarks, with perfect truth, that we use the genitive in *s* where the Old-English genitive is not in *es*, as, for instance, in all plurals. Surely the same argument meets this case also. Among the general wreck of inflexions one alone survives; it is no great wonder it is applied indiscriminately. It is just the same with the plural *s* as with the genitive *s*. The plural *s*, all but universal in modern English, is only one form among several in Old-English, and we apply it equally where it is applied in Old-English, and where it is not. So in Latin the plural *es* is only one termination among several; in French the *s* has become universal. Yet surely no one would deny that the French plural was derived from the Latin. We can indeed trace the formation of the French plural with great ease. In the older French we find the *s* only where we find it in Latin. Thus *Cheval=caballus* is declined—

SING.	PLUR.
N. chevalls (caballus)	N. cheval (caballi)
A. cheval (caballum)	A. chevalls (caballos).

In the modern language this distinction is wiped out, and the *s* or its equivalent ("chevals" becoming, in modern spelling, "chevals") finds its way into all plurals indiscriminately.

We think then that Mr. Manning breaks down completely in his destructive attempt; but his constructive labours are far more successful. He has evidently got up his facts well, by a careful study of the English language in all its stages. He shows clearly that, at the break-up of English inflexions, the formula of "Holofernes his head" did come into use,

and was used alongside of the real genitive. He shows also that the "his" was applied to feminine nouns as well as to masculine, thus answering one well-known objection to his theory. He quotes, too, various instances from the spoken dialects of Germany of a closely analogous idiom, "Des Vaters sein Buch," and the like. He brings also other instances of *his* in English and *sein* in German being used without distinction of gender. The most curious thing is the comparison which he makes between the earlier and later versions of Layamon's *Brut*. (As the *Times* the other day talked grandly about "the Layamon," as if it were the name of a book, it may not be lost labour to stop and remind people that Layamon was a man, and that "the Layamon" is exactly as absurd as "the Shakspeare.") The earlier copy, of about Richard the First's time, uses a real genitive, "Kinges," "Eorles," "Arthures," and so forth; while in the later one, written perhaps a hundred years after, we find "The King his leores," "Arthur his folk," and even "Gwenayfer his love." All this is quite enough to make out Mr. Manning's positive case—that is, to make out that "Holofernes his head" has been a formula in use from the time of Edward the First onwards; but it in no way proves that its use was exclusive, or that our modern genitive is formed from it and not from the old genitive. The mark of elision, as he himself shows, was never thought of till the seventeenth century was far advanced. Godwin writes "Kings," "Queenes," "Popes," "Churches," "Stephens," "Empresses." Surely "Kings" is the easiest possible contraction of "Kinges," as "Kinges" is of "Cyninges." The notion of a genitive case gradually died out, as, when it was the only inflexion left, was not very wonderful. The insertion of *his* was felt or thought to be more euphonious in such cases as Holofernes and Ausonius, and the mark of elision began to be used under the notion that the *s* was always the vestige of *his*. As Mr. Manning himself remarks, the elision never occurs in the original edition of our present Bible, though later printers have thought proper to bring it in. If usage, or the printers, would let us, the best way would be to write "Kings," "Queenes," "Popes," without an apostrophe, for the apostrophe expresses elision, which we deny, not contraction, which we affirm. In words like "Church," we still use, in pronunciation, the increasing genitive, but he would be a bold man who should venture, with Godwin, to spell "Churches" as he pronounces it.

We must return for one moment to another of Mr. Manning's arguments. As we understand him, one of his main points is that, while a real genitive is used to express many relations, our *s* expresses the possessive relation only. As we before said, we see no difficulty in supposing that, in the break-up of our old inflexions, the use of the genitive became limited to one only of its former uses. But the use of the modern genitive is not quite so restricted as Mr. Manning seems to think. He tells us:—

We are, in the case of objective genitives, driven to the employment of the preposition "of," which gives the effect of the Latin, Anglo-Saxon, and German genitive employed objectively. We say, "the crime of treason," "a prosecution of or for, or an action of or for theft," as we say, "the sin of envy," "the pursuit of pleasure," or "the love of praise." The hardest Johnsonian has not yet come forward to manifest his consistency by travestying these phrases into "treason's crime," "theft's prosecution," "envy's sin," "pleasure's pursuit," or "praise's love."

Undoubtedly these last phrases are some of them absolutely inaccurate, while others are, to say the least, unusual and awkward in prose writing. But surely some of them—"treason's crime," at any rate—would be lawful in verse. Now what is lawful in verse, though it may be stilted and inappropriate in ordinary writing, cannot be strictly ungrammatical. In truth there is a delicate line to be drawn somewhere as to the use of the genitive in *s* and the preposition *of*, which is not easy to define. In prose we seldom use the genitive except with the names of persons, or at least of living things. With these we use it without scruple; indeed we use it by preference, sometimes to the exclusion of the preposition. We always say, "this is John's book," never "the book of John." We say commonly "the horses' tail," though we can say "the tail of the horse." But we do not say "Englands throne," except in verse or in very rhetorical prose. Still less should we talk in prose of "virtues loveliness," "treason's crime," &c. &c. To use the genitive is at once felt to be an act of personification; it should therefore be used only when personification is allowable, that is, not very often except in verse. Foreigners, familiar with the more extended use of the Latin and German genitive, and bad and stilted writers among ourselves, often fail to observe the distinction. But, after all, the distinction, though good as a practical rule of taste, is not a rule of grammar. "Englands throne" and "virtues loveliness," though expressions which a chastened taste will not use in ordinary writing, are still expressions which are perfectly grammatical. It is simply usage which they sin against. And even usage does not forbid the use of the genitive in certain familiar phrases, even of things without life, as a "days work," the "worlds end," "conscience [quasi consciences] sake." These are all vestiges of the more extended use of the genitive which has gradually died out. Godwin, as we have seen, talks in the most prosaic way about a Bishop paying off "his churches debt." We should hardly use such an expression now, though we might talk, in a more rhetorical or poetical vein, of "the Churches"—or, as the printer would doubtless make us say, "the Church's"—"cause."

In short, notwithstanding all Mr. Manning's very ingenious arguments, we cannot help, when Chaucer says that Absolon went

With Poules windows carvin on his shooe,

as firmly believing "Poulis", and its modern contraction "Pauls", to be a real genitive in *es*, as we believe that, when he goes to say,

And with his leggis castin to and fro,
And playin songs on a small rebble,

the forms "leggis" and "songis" directly represent the old plural in *es*, even though the confusions of the time when English was hardly a written language have caused the application of both forms to depart somewhat from the most ancient usage of the language.

Of some of the other contents of the volume, especially the contribution of Dr. Barnes, we must speak another time.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

THOUGH bristling with hard words and Oriental characters, Dr. Gustav Oppert's monograph on the legend of *Prester John** is one of the most interesting, as well as one of the most learned, contributions to recent German literature. The charm does not so much consist in any peculiar literary tact on the part of the writer as in the subject itself, which is invested with all the fascination of romance. *Prester John* belongs to a great family dear to the adventurous and imaginative—the family of illusions. It is difficult to renounce absolutely all faith in the Valley of Diamonds; we should all be glad to recognise a trace of the roc in the fossil egg of *Epyornis maximus*; even the Giphons and Arimaspians have died hard. It was but the other day that we perused an earnest plea for the existence of unicorns elsewhere than on the royal escutcheon; and more than one African traveller seems yet to cherish a lingering hope of one day putting salt upon the distinguishing appendage of the *Homo caudatus*. It is therefore the less wonderful that Europe should have so long believed in the imaginary *Prester John*, and that Pope Alexander III. should have compromised his pretensions to infallibility by despatching an ambassador and an epistle to a potentate in *nubibus*. A more comic situation can hardly be conceived than that of the unfortunate envoy turned loose among Tartars and Saracens, and knocking at the gate of one Paynim sovereign after another in quest of the great Christian Emperor, upon whose alliance such vast expectations had been based. As he never returned from his quest, his experience is lost to us and was useless to his contemporaries, whose belief received additional confirmation through the wide diffusion of a remarkable document professing to be a letter from *Prester John* to the Emperor of Constantinople, and to contain a circumstantial account of his kingdom. This curious paper, which is given at length by Dr. Oppert, is a perfect reflection of the then state of popular belief respecting the East. The myth derived additional countenance from vague reports respecting the actual Syrian Church in Malabar; and when, at a later period, the existence of a Christian kingdom in Abyssinia became known to Marco Polo, he had no remorse in classing "Habescia" as a second division of India, thus supplying a link of identification with *Prester John*. When at last the researches of the Catholic missionaries had made it clear that no Christian empire existed in Asia, its locality was transferred to Africa by common consent, and it is a pregnant warning to etymologists to find writers gravely laying it down that *Prester* had no connexion with *Presbyter*, but was simply a corruption of the Portuguese *preto*, black! No feature of the myth is clearer than its Asiatic origin; and Dr. Oppert, after an elaborate inquiry, identifies the original *Prester John* with Korkhan, the Tartar sovereign of Cashgar about the beginning of the twelfth century, whose empire, like those of many Asiatic sovereigns, rose suddenly to great power, and disappeared without leaving a trace. It seems uncertain whether he were really a Christian or not, though the very uncertainty attaching to so remarkable a fact is an argument against it. He may easily have been represented as such by the Nestorians, who were grateful for any patronage, and whose toleration went very far. Hope and imagination did the rest. The singular ascription of a priestly character to a secular prince probably arose from vague accounts of the politico-spiritual administration of Tibet.

The recent publications of Strauss and Renan will secure attention for the next work on our list. Schleiermacher's Lectures on the Life of Christ† were delivered at Berlin in 1832, and consequently represent his final conclusions on the subject. The volume, made up as it is out of abstracts prepared by himself and notes taken by his auditors, is inevitably very far from conveying any adequate idea of the lectures as they were delivered. In this respect it resembles Robertson's Sermons as known to the public; and when the reflex influence of Schleiermacher on English theology is considered, it will surprise no one to find a general similarity in thought and feeling between the two writers. Occupying an intermediate position between the rationalists and the strictly orthodox, it was Schleiermacher's aim to reconcile the two parties. Hence an absence of clear decisive views and a general spirit of accommodation which renders him less effective than authors who leave the world in no doubt as

to their intentions. His spirit is too candid and catholic to please either of the extreme parties; but readers of moderate views may not be displeased to make acquaintance with a writer who combines freedom with reverence, who has too much of Renan's taste and feeling to surrender himself to the icy criticism of Strauss, and too much of Strauss's acuteness to tolerate the sentimental effeminacy of Renan. With all the imperfections incident to the manner in which it has been compiled, the work is one of real value, and far more worthy of an English translation than the tomes of tangled sophistry palmed off upon the unsuspecting student as the works of eminent German theologians.

Germany continues indefatigable in her attention to the classics. *Demosthenes, Lycurgus, Hyperides, and their Age**, by K. G. Boehnecke, is a work of greater compass than the title might lead us to suppose. It consists of three parts—a translation, with an exhaustive commentary, of the orations of Lycurgus and Hyperides in accusation and defence of Lycophron, recently recovered from an Egyptian papyrus; a collection and explanation of all known inscriptions that tend to illustrate the first Philippic of Demosthenes; and a translation of the philosopher Speusippus's letter to Philip of Macedon, with an elaborate argument for its genuineness, and much illustrative matter. It is a work of immense erudition, arranged with good taste and perspicuity. The same may be said of Lorenz's monograph on Epicharmus†, and Schaar-schmidt's on Philolaus‡. The former is, moreover, very pleasant reading, for the life of Epicharmus and the vestiges of his comic art are by no means dry subjects.

A new edition of Philodemus the Epicurean, *On Anger*§, is also an important contribution to classical literature. The work, one of those recovered from the ruins of Herculaneum, had indeed been twice printed before, at Oxford and at Naples, but on both occasions in such a form as to render it practically inaccessible. Herr Gomperz has given a very neat reprint, with a facsimile of the original papyrus. The work is indeed of no great intrinsic value, being so dry and commonplace as to remind one of Sydney Smith's parallel between the ethics of Pythagoras and Mrs. Trimmer. Nevertheless, it is as useful to the inquirer into the general character of ethical thought in ancient times as a stray sermon of Dr. Cumming's might be to the anticipated New Zealander. If, however, the author is dull, the editor is something of a humourist. Most of such Herculaneum volumes as have yet seen the light have been published since the late revolution at Naples:—"Borbonicoorum enim in hæc studia animus singularis erat; gaudebant voluminibus tanquam carceribus inclusis temporis decursu depereuntibus, plane ac si non philosophorum libros e rudibus erutos sed ipsos philosophos vivos vegetosque tenerunt."

In all probability, the only place, apart from Eton, where the birthday of George III. is still celebrated is the University of Göttingen. The old monarch established prizes there which still preserve his name in the grateful remembrance of the students, and give annual occasion to the delivery of sundry orations. Professor Curtius has been requested to publish his own contributions||, and they certainly are deserving of the compliment. With less than habitual German profundity, but more than habitual German elegance, the Professor examines such questions as the ideas of the ancients respecting friendship, immortality, and the duties of the citizen. If the spirit of these is to be accepted as a fair indication of the prevalent tone of Göttingen tuition, the students of a University hitherto best known in England through the mockery of Heine and Canning may well be congratulated on the influences that preside over their academical course. We commend this little volume to English scholars and schoolmasters. A somewhat similar collection, of more strictly philological interest, is that put forth by the learned men of Bonn, in honour of the fiftieth anniversary of the Professorship of Friedrich Ritschel¶. One slashes away at the sixth satire of Juvenal, eliminating questionable verses with a truly Teutonic disregard of MS. authority. Another inquires whether the three Theban plays of Sophocles constitute a trilogy. But the most important contribution is, perhaps, a very elaborate edition of Seneca's *Ἀποκαλύψεις*. While thus intent on illustrating ancient classics, the Germans have given us an excellent reprint of one of their own, the *Epistolæ obscurorum Virorum****, accompanied with several contemporary pamphlets of similar character, hitherto little known. We may also mention here a work by Emil Weller††, which seems a useful contribution to the bibliography of early German literature.

* *Demosthenes, Lycurgus, Hyperides, und ihr Zeitalter*. Von K. G. Boehnecke. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

† *Leben und Schriften des Koers Epicharmos, nebst einer Fragmentensammlung*. Berlin: Weidmann. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Die angebliche Schriftstellerei des Philolaus, und die Bruchstücke der ihm zugeschriebenen Bücher*. Untersucht von C. Schaar-schmidt. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Philodemi Epicurei de ira Liber*. Edidit T. Gomperz. Lipsiæ: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Göttingen Festreden*. Von Ernst Curtius. Berlin: Herz. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Symbola Philologorum Bonnensium, in honorem F. Ritscheli collecta*. Fasciculus prior. Lipsiæ: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

** *Ulrichi Hutteni Operum Supplementum. Epistolæ obscurorum Virorum cum inlustrantibus adversariisque Scriptis*. Collegit, recensuit, adnotavit E. Bücking. Lipsiæ: Teubner. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Repertorium Typographicum. Die deutsche Literatur im ersten Viertel des sechzehnten Jahrhunderts*. Von Emil Weller. Nordlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

* *Der Presbyter Johannes in Sage und Geschichte*. Von Dr. Gustav Oppert. Berlin: Springer. London: Asher & Co.

† *Das Leben Jesu. Vorlesungen an der Universität zu Berlin im Jahre 1832 gehalten*. Herausgegeben von K. A. Rittenk. Berlin: Reimer. London: Asher & Co.

In history, we have only to record the labours of two annalists*, who respectively follow the fortunes of Italy and of collective Europe. The latter arranges his facts chronologically, in the style of the Annual Register; the former fuses them into a clear agreeable narrative. Loehnis on the United States is rather a contribution to statistics than to history.† It has been prepared with great care, and will be found especially useful in the financial part of the subject. Legal literature has been enriched by a really valuable essay on trial by jury, by Dr. Mittermaier.‡ The writer's knowledge of English law is very thorough, and he follows the transactions of our courts with minute attention from day to day. A collection of German proverbs referring to law § offers many particulars of interest.

The second volume of Ambros' History of Music|| treats of one of the most obscure and abstruse parts of the subject—the origin of modern music in the middle ages. The author's labours cannot be appreciated by many even of those who possess a technical knowledge of the subject, but the least initiated can recognise enormous research and erudition.

The second part of Stern and Oppermann's Lives of Painters¶ deals with a topic of more general interest. The biographies are not very full, but they are pleasant and readable, and the work is well adapted for circulation among those for whom a general knowledge of the subject is sufficient.

* *Europäischer Geschichtskalender 1863 und bis März 1864.* Herausgegeben von H. Schulthess. Nordlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate. *Annalen des Königreichs Italien, 1861–63.* Von Wilhelm Rüstow. Zurich: Meyer & Zeller. London: Nutt.

† *Die Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika.* Von H. Loehnis. Leipzig: Mayer. London: Nutt.

‡ *Erfahrungen über die Wirksamkeit der Schwurgerichte in Europa und Amerika.* Von E. F. Mittermaier. Erlangen: F. Enke. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Deutsche Rechtsprachwörter.* Gesammelt und erklärt von E. Graf und M. Dietherr. Nordlingen: Beck. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Geschichte der Musik.* Von A. W. Ambros. Bd. 2. Breslau: Leuckart. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Das Leben der Maler.* Von A. Stern und A. Oppermann. Pt. II. Leipzig: H. Matthes. London: Williams & Norgate.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We beg leave to state that it is impossible for us to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

NOTICE.

The publication of the SATURDAY REVIEW takes place on Saturday mornings, in time for the early trains, and copies may be obtained in the Country, through any News-agent, on the day of publication.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Capital £1,000,000.

HEAD OFFICE: 2 BANK BUILDINGS, LONDON.

BRANCHES: Newcastle, Leeds, Huddersfield, and Sheffield.

AGENTS: Morpeth, Alnwick, and Hexham.

TERMS OF BUSINESS.

Current Accounts opened at the Branches with parties respectively introduced, and Commercial Bills Discounted. The rates of discount and commission to be agreed upon. Deposit Accounts opened at the London Office and Branches, and interest, at the current rate of the day, allowed thereon.

Increased Rates of Interest allowed to Trustees and others having large amounts to deposit for fixed periods.

Cheques not containing any fractional part of £10 may be drawn against these accounts.

Purchases and Sales of Stock, Shares, &c., effected, and the Dividends received, and every description of legitimate Banking Business transacted upon the most liberal terms.

The greatest facilities given for the transmission of money between London and the different branches. Strong fire-proof rooms are provided for the safe custody of Deeds and other valuable property belonging to the customers of the Bank.

J. P. TURNER, General Manager.

DEBENTURES at 5, 5½, and 6 per Cent. CEYLON COMPANY, LIMITED.

Directors.

LAWFORD ACLAND, Esq., Chairman.

Major-Gen. HENRY PELHAM BURN. STEPHEN F. KENNARD, Esq.
HARRY GEORGE GORDON, Esq. PATRICK F. ROBERTSON, Esq.
GEORGE IRELAND, Esq. ROBERT SMITH, Esq.
DUNCAN JAMES KAY, Esq.

Manager—C. J. BRAINE, Esq.

The Directors are prepared to ISSUE DEBENTURES for One, Three, and Five Years at 5, 5½, and 6 per cent. respectively.

They are also prepared to invest Money on Mortgage in Ceylon and Mauritius, either with or without the guarantee of the Company, as may be arranged. Applications for particulars to be made at the Office of the Company, 12 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.

By Order, JOHN ANDERSON, Secretary.

THE ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, 29 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON; and ROYAL INSURANCE BUILDINGS, LIVERPOOL.

At the Annual Meeting, on the 5th inst., the following were some of the leading results disclosed in the Report to the Shareholders.

FIRE BRANCH.

The Premiums of the Year 1863 reached the sum of	£31,663
Being an Advance of	£40,977
over 1862; an amount of increase exceeding that of any previous year.	
The Revenue from Fire Premiums has been enhanced in four years by the large sum of	£113,353
The Duty paid to Government in 1862 was	£75,993
Ditto, ditto, 1863	£68,566
Showing an Increase in one year of	£18,573

Among the incidents which have tended to the advancement of the Royal within the last few months may be reckoned its action with respect to the losses sustained by the explosion of the Lotty Slough, which, although only consistent with the general tenor of the conduct of the Company, and ultimately proved to be no more than what had been done in former times by the oldest and most proverbially honourable among its contemporaries, yet attracted attention and public favour by its unhesitating promptness.

As the largest total of Revenue and the largest ratio of Progression have been attained in the present year, so it happens that the largest Profit which it has ever failed to the Directors to record has likewise on this occasion to be announced. The balance of Net Profit on the year has amounted to £23,545; of which sum £34,100 only has been appropriated to Dividend and Bonus, and the large Balance of £49,441 been carried to Reserve.

LIFE BRANCH.

The progress of the Life Branch, as shown by the New Business transacted in the last year, is most promising, and the advances made, year by year, in the amount of New Insurances effected, show clearly the estimation in which the Company is held. The following is a statement for the last five years:—

Net Sum Assured on New Policies after deducting Guarantees.										Net Premiums		
1859	£13,086	0	5
1860	15,079	17	10
1861	16,627	18	0
1862	22,333	13	2
1863	24,000	12	8

This rapid growth amounting to 73 per cent. on the Sum Assured, and upwards of 80 per cent. on the Premium received in the course of five years, may justly be considered as larger than any which could have been reasonably expected. The first half of the current year 1864, however, far outstrips the rate of increase indicated by the figures just quoted, as the Sum Assured for that period of Six Months only actually exceeds Half-a-Million Sterling.

The rate of Mortality, likewise, still presents highly favourable features, and augurs well for the result to be shown by the quinquennial investigation, which is to take place when the present year is concluded.

PERCY M. DOVE, Manager and Actuary.
JOHN B. JOHNSTON, Secretary in London.

August 1864.

NORTH BRITISH and MERCANTILE INSURANCE COMPANY.

Established 1809.

Fire and Life Insurance Business of every description transacted at moderate rates.

The Duty paid by this company in 1863 amounted to £60,772.

The usual Commission allowed on Ship and Foreign Insurances.

Insurers in this Company will receive the full benefit of the reduction in Duty.

Capital £2,000,000

Annual Income £72,563

Accumulated Fund £255,997

LONDON—HEAD OFFICE: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C.

WEST END OFFICE: 8 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

PHENIX FIRE OFFICE, Lombard Street, and Charing Cross.—Remission of one-half of the Duty on Stock, Machinery, Utensils, and Fixtures in Trade.

Insurances effected now will secure the full benefit of the Reduced Duty.

JUNE 20, 1864. GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.

£1000 in Case of Death, or an Allowance of £6 per Week while laid up by Injury caused by ACCIDENT of any KIND, whether Walking, Riding, Hunting, Shooting, Fishing, or at Home, may be secured by an Annual Payment of £3 to the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY. For Particulars, apply to the Office, 10 Regent Street, and 6 Cornhill.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.

Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George the First, and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.

Chief Office, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; Branch, 29 Pall Mall.

OCTAVIUS WIGRAM, Esq., Governor.

Sir JOHN HENRY PELL, Bart., Sub-Governor.

JAMES STEWART HODGSON, Esq., Deputy-Governor.

Directors.

Henry Bainbridge, Esq.
Robert Barclay, Esq.
John Garratt Cattle, Esq.
Mark Currie Close, Esq.
Edward James Daniell, Esq.
William Davidson, Esq.
Thomas Dent, Esq.
Alexander Drum, Esq.
Frederick Joseph Edman, Esq.
Charles Hermann Goehen, Esq.
Riversdale Wm. Grenfell, Esq.
Robert Amadeus Heath, Esq.
William Tetlow Hibbert, Esq.
Wilmot Holland, Esq.
George Forbes Malcolmson, Esq.
Charles John Manning, Esq.
Henry Nelson, Esq.
Hon. Joceline Wm. Percy.
Charles Robinson, Esq.
Samuel Leo Schuster, Esq.
Eric Carrington Smith, Esq.
Joseph Somes, Esq., M.P.
William Wallace, Esq.
Charles Darling Young, Esq.

FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.

Life Assurances with, or without, participation in Profits.

Divisions of Profit every Five Years.

Any sum up to £15,000 insured on the same Life.

A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital-Stock, and exemption, under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a Half.

The Corporation have always allowed the Assured to serve in the Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteer Corps, within the United Kingdom, free of charge.

A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

The Reversionary Bonus on British Policies has averaged nearly 2 per cent. per annum upon the sum assured.